THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE BETROTHED.

BY DODE.

Had I met thee in thy beauty,
When my heart and hand were free,
When no other claimed the duty
Which my soul would yield to thee;
Had I woo'd thee, had I won thee,
Oh, how blest had been my fate!
But thy sweetness hath endowed me—
I have found thee, but too late.

For to one my vows were plighted
With a faltering lip and pale;
Hands our cruel sires united—
Hearts were deemed of slight avail.
Thus my youth's bright morn was shaded,
Thus betroth'd to wealth and state,
All Love's sweet prospects faded—
I have found thee, but too late!

Like the fawn that finds the fountain,
With the arrow in his breast;
Or like light upon the mountain,
Where the snow must ever rest;
Thou hast known me, but forget me,
For I feel what ills await—
Oh! 'tis madness to have found thee—
To have found thee, but too late!

President, July 6, 1863.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

MY LEGACY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER I.

It was very cold, even for January. The mercury was merciless, and had been sinking all night; near the front door, on the outside, hung the thermometer, as frigid and shining as an icicle in the glaring moonlight.

Why the rays of the moon, as they came pouring down the frosty sky, did not freeze as they fell, is a mystery to me. One thing I can positively assert: the clouds were all dead with the cold, and not a ghost of one was to be seen shaking in its shroud.

Florence Howard and I lay awake talking, after the fashion of young girls. Forgive my silvered hair, my spectacles: in recalling the past, I hope one has a right to adorn one's self with the vivacity of youth!

We lay talking while Jack Frost wove his beautiful dreams into dainty pictures all over my chamber window. When his curtain was finished, and the heartless moon and ruddy "Northern Lights" were hid from view, Florence and I should have been wandering in a fairer land, where fog does not freeze into hailstones, and the innocent human breath skurry about in silvery circles. But, for me at least, the land of Nod had no attractions.

Florence had been giving me, for the fiftieth time, the history of my mother's life. My mother, who died during my infancy, had been Florence's only sister.

"Well," continued she, "mother tells me she said to her: 'Henrietta, you could make the best match in the county; and if you persist in marrying Archibald Fletcher, I honestly believe you will do it out of sheer obstinacy.'"

"What did my mother say to that?" asked I, my lip curling involuntarily as I thought of the persecution my mother had endured from my worldly grandmother.

"She cried, I believe, and said her choice was made, and, as there was nothing to be urged against the young doctor's character, she should keep her promise and marry him."

"And how did grandfather feel? I know he was not so angry as to disinherit her."

"To be sure; yet he was disappointed. He could have furnished her new home, but I believe she objected. Perhaps she feared that 'love in a cottage' might be overawed by tapestry carpets and damask curtains. At any rate, she told father, smilingly, that, as she had married a poor man, she meant to drop her extravagant notions and adapt herself to her husband's fortunes. You wouldn't have found me so stupid!"

"It was noble," said I, my heart beating high with mingled admiration and resentment. What was there about my father's mind or character to stamp him as one whit inferior to Judge Howard? He never was and never would be a rich man, as he had the serious ill luck to be a miserable collector of his own debts, and at the same time that persecuted individual known as the "poor man's friend."

However, it was soothing to my ruffled pride to know that my grandfather had learned to love and respect his son-in-law as he deserved to be loved and respected. As regarded my grandmother, she could not appreciate my father; so I forgave her all the pique and petty dislike which might rankle in her heart against him.

Her head could contain a clearly-defined map of her husband's business affairs, yet abstract ideas were beyond her grasp. Never was a better housekeeper, but she could entertain her guests only by the elegant variety of her dishes, and by dissertations upon the care of an establishment. When the conversation ascended to a higher level than her own attic, or broader views than her own cupola afforded, she usually yawned and was silent.

I may be thought to speak disrespectfully of my grandmother; but when one attempts to write a true history, what has one to do with personal feelings or family ties?

My grandfather was a man of much more comprehensive mind, and of superior culture; yet the love of money had blunted many of his finer feelings. He was said to be one of those who "devour widows' houses" and "grind the faces of the poor."

I shuddered when I heard such accusations against him. I was to be one of his heirs and share equally with Percy and Florence—could I expect a blessing with such gold as his?

"Don't say another word, Florence," said I; "we must go to sleep!"

But my words were thrown away upon the four walls; she had anticipated me, and here was I painfully wide awake, wasting my resentment upon events which were best buried in oblivion. Absurd! when I knew that my mother—my stepmother—expected me to fry buckwheat cakes in the morning!

CHAPTER II.

I would like to bear you along with me, kind reader, while I revisit, like my own ghost, the haunts of the past.

We had a "Reading Circle" in those days, which was established "for the intellectual improvement of the young people of Narransauc," as it was affirmed. Yet there might be some in that social group attracted thither quite as much by a love of chat as a love of literature.

It might not be strange if, now and then, a young couple in the corner heard very little of the reading—who knows?

There were moonlight evenings then, just as there were in the days of Adam and Eve, and as there will be, I hope, till the last pair of lovers are happily settled. There were long walks home under the arching elms by the still river; there were words spoken which have not been forgotten; vows made which remain unbroken.

Florence and myself were just becoming recognized as young ladies. We had long felt silent aspirations after more mature years and the dignity which would ensue, and were now, after long waiting, admitted to the "Circle."

This was a great event to us—establishing beyond dispute our claims as young ladies in distinction from young misses. Next to the consequence conferred by long dresses was the glory gained by admission to the Reading Circle.

We met occasionally at the house of Miss O'Neil, a very ancient maiden lady, whom you might see at church on Sunday, wearing an "open-work" straw bonnet which had the merit of shading her face. Through the fantastic apertures in the straw, the rays of the sun strayed over her face in dots of light. In the remote past, it was a handsome face, they say; but the mind had written nothing on it, and the heart, at war with fate, had no sweet smiles wherewith to light up the wan features. Even the false hair about her temples was sadly faded and inclined to slip down toward her eyes.

Rather venerable, you may judge, to mingle with youths and maidens. Literary, perhaps? We shall see.

She opens for us her parlor, which is one of the three rooms she rents in Squire Jones' house. Hanging on the wall, are sundry engravings, which are fast receding from view, and will ere long be annihilated in an oblivion of smoky back-ground. Over the mantel are black profiles of Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil, who both died at least forty years ago.

Struck with astonishment on first beholding these works of art, I asked Miss O'Neil, with a child's curiosity, "if her parents were negros," for which impertinence I was sharply rebuked.

Poor old lady! If she ever had a heart, it must once have ached sorely! Now it is ossified, let doctors deny it though they may!

Girls are naturally tender and compassionate. We were inclined to pity Miss O'Neil's loneliness; but as for our young gentlemen, they were able to find amusement in the old lady's "Irish wit" and sharp scoldings.

With this little introduction to our hostess, behold us all assembled in her parlor one Thursday evening in May.

We are talking together in groups. Chester Hale discourses with Miss O'Neil about the gorgeous peacock feathers over the mirror, and Charles Goodwin stands by the mantel, touching with sacrilegious fingers a card-rack, containing time-old notes of invitation addressed to Miss O'Neil by hands long since done with pen and ink.

I am to read this evening. I move my chair toward the light-stand, whereon are two tallow candles of somewhat sullen appearance, sometimes trying to make light of their small wicks, and anon giving up the effort and sputtering audibly.

I have chosen a book of Mrs. Jameson's, entitled "Characteristics of Women." I intend to read Ophelia. All eyes are fixed on me, and I feel a strong desire to sink through the floor. Florence tosses me a Mayflower and Erle Graham comes up to snuff the candles.

I have never read to such an audience before. I am afraid some of the older girls will criticise me; afraid Charles Goodwin will laugh. However, I commence with strong determination, and it becomes possible for me to proceed.

Toward the close of the essay, I read a sentence something like this, in reference to Hamlet: "Portia would have reasoned with him, Isabel would have blamed, Juliet would have pitied—but Ophelia loved him."

"Yes," interrupted Miss O'Neil, "I've seen all that *acted*!"

There is a general movement among the young people, and soon a laugh, apparently caused by a singular and somewhat frantic gesture of Charles Goodwin in capturing a d'or-bug.

"Why, Miss O'Neil," he exclaims, going to the door with his dor-bug, "did you ever go to plays? Such a pious woman as you are! It seems too much to believe!"

"Yes, I've been to a great many theatres, Charles, and balls and such wicked places, among foolish *Galathians*. I was very gay before I saw the error of my ways, and a great belle. They used to say in Dover—"

Miss O'Neil drops a stitch, and proceeds to make sundry plunges with her needle in order to recover it. Meanwhile I finish the essay.

Miss O'Neil says the book reminds her in some respects of Curran's Commentaries on the Bible—no, she means Scott's Commentaries.

"In what respect?" asks Chester Hale.

"In the style," replies Miss O'Neil, "they are both highly flowery."

"You must have read an immense amount!" exclaims Charles Goodwin, getting up an expression of admiring wonder.

"Yes," says Miss O'Neil, smiling. "When I was young, there was nobody in Dover could begin with me in reading! I admire to read Curran's writings—he is so deep! He is Irish, and you know the Irish are very learned people."

"Ah!" ejaculates Charles Goodwin.

"Yes, indeed! And Curran or Scott, I've forgot just which, read the Bible through and through, and learned so much of it that he came out an orthodox. He was brought up an Episcopal, and had those ideas till he found out for himself!"

Harriet Payson, our President, knows that this is a thrust at her, and laughs behind her fan, while Miss O'Neil casts on her a look which, being interpreted, means: "I have annihilated you now, I hope!"

She can never forgive Harriet for being confirmed at Boston, where she received her education.

I am talking with Erle Graham, a tall Cambridge student, about a new study we girls have just commenced—geology. While I talk, I am twirling about my finger one of Florence's soft ringlets. This action of mine arrests the attention of Miss O'Neil. Perhaps there is something in the beauty of Florence which painfully reminds her of her own faded charms. At any rate Florence says she is "constantly upbraiding her because she does not braid her hair."

"My hair used to curl elegantly," says Miss O'Neil, raising her voice, "but when I experienced religion, I cut off my curls!"

"Oh, what a pity, Miss O'Neil," said Florence.

"So everybody said, Florence; but I felt that wo was I if I gave up not the vanities of the world!"

Erle Graham, Florence and I walk home together, stopping now and then to lean against a tree and laugh.

As we walk along, Florence takes a Mayflower out of her hair and bids us mark its fragrance and beauty—see how curiously the little pinkish-white blossoms peep out from the hard, winter-killed leaves.

"Isn't it a droll combination?" she says. "An old, evergreen, experienced leaf each side a little, frail infant of a flower—makes her think of antiquated people bringing up their grandchildren!"

We laugh at the queer conceit.

"There! how much we have laughed this evening!" says Florence. "It reminds me so much of old times!"

Yes, we are all three reminded of "old times"—of the bushels of strawberries we gathered in Deacon Frost's meadow—the raspberries in Squire Jones' clearing—the flowers on the face of the earth wherever we could find them.

We three young souls deemed those days of yore exceedingly "old times." We looked back upon our ancient selves and our ancient sports most condescendingly!

We remember patronizingly the sled of Erle's called "Erle King," whereon we once took many perilous journeys—the cakes of maple sugar Erle used to bring us—the notes we sent back and forth when we went to "town school" together. How slyly these little missives were insinuated between the leaves of our Histories and Grammars! and by what slow and easy stages those innocent Histories and Grammars took journeys from Erle to us, or from us to Erle.

And then again what unmistakable profiles Florence perpetrated on the slate! I ask Erle if he recollects how we were one day discovered by our teacher, with one of his thousand eyes, while we were laughing over a caricature of himself?

Yes, there is no fear of Erle's forgetting any of Florence's achievements, I am confident of that.

Whatever danger exists that Judge Howard may give up another daughter to a penniless suitor, I have never cast a thought upon it. I am popularly known as a "book-worm," and my enthusiasm is principally centred in mathematics, chemistry and mental philosophy. Had I been asked who was the finest young man in Narransauc, I should have answered, perhaps without raising my eyes from my slate, "Erle Graham." Had any one questioned me what young man in Narransauc I preferred before all others, I should have answered, "Oh, Erle, by all means," and gone on studying. I had the profoundest respect for him on account of his erudition. Although poor, he was determined to have an education, and was now very soon to graduate at Cambridge. My father always predicted that he would succeed in the world, because he was so kind to his widowed mother. He used to wear the clothes she patched for him with a sort of pride in it, as if they were a badge of honor. There was never a boy rude enough to ridicule him for his dress but Percy Howard, who used to call him "Peregrine Pickle," and ask him "where his mother got the recipe for pickling his old clothes?"

He had always been intimate in our family, and I had never hesitated to go to him with a difficult problem or a twisted line in Cicero. As I before remarked, I had not weighed the probabilities of his liking for Florence. I had not heard the notion advanced, and was too inexperienced and too much absorbed to think of such a thing myself.

I had such an extravagant estimate of Floy's beauty that, if I had been asking an artist to paint her face for me, I should have counselled him after this wise: "The most transparent, delicate flesh-color you can mix on your pallet, dear Sir, with warm, living rose-tints; that will do for her complexion, provided only you would give it more a look like the inside of a sea-shell. For her hair, it would be well if you could employ a tangible sunbeam; and for her eyes—stop there, if you please!"

I was not the only one fascinated by my friend's charms. Nearly all the young men in the village, either silently or openly, entertained of her precisely my opinion.

With a constant buzz of admiration in her ears, no wonder her head was a little dizzy. But her careless coquetry was a source of some uneasiness to me. Now and then I opened my mouth oracularly and indulged in little sermons against flirtations. After which sermon I received for reply:

"Now, you dear old grandmother, I'm sorry I can't please you better! Deary me! you do have such a pity for my lovers! 'Break their hearts?' You believe in the hearts of stone we hear of from the pulpit, don't you, dear? 'A downright soft, spongy one couldn't be broken, you know—it's impossible. And as for the rocky ones, if it's my mission to break them, or blast them, as I should say, who is going to care? Trul-lul-la!"

CHAPTER III.

In July, Floy and I went to my uncle Edward Knight's, some miles away in the country, to ruralize.

Uncle Edward had just assisted Floy to mount his steady old plow-horse, when who should arrive at the gate but Erle Graham.

"Why, Erle, where did you come from?" cried Floy and I with one voice.

"Where did you come from, girls, I'd like to know?" said Erle, with equal amazement.

"Why we came from home for our health," said Florence, settling her feet in the stirrup. "We were very delicate, Agnes and I, and our parents, becoming alarmed, sent us into the country for change of air. Fact, isn't it, Mr. Knight? Now, give an account of yourself, Mr. G.?"

"Why," said Erle, looking up at Uncle Knight, "I've come, according to agreement, to cut hay for Mr. Knight here, unless he has changed his mind and finds he doesn't need me."

"No indeed, Erle, we are right in the heaviest of the work. I've been depending on you, of course. Isn't that a pretty piece of mowing off yonder? I make calculations that it is going to yield two tons to the acre."

"It is a fine-looking piece, surely," said Erle. "How many men have you employed?"

"Three, besides you. Come, walk into the house."

"No, I thank you, Sir," said Floy, "he will be obliged to decline your invitation; he is going to walk with Agnes and I. Just you wait a second till I take a trot to 'Rocky Lonesome' and back again!"

So saying, she touched the patient old steed with the limb of a sweet-brier bush which she held, and away she and Selim went as rapidly as Selim could be persuaded to go, leaving the rest of us to watch her graceful figure as it grew "smaller by degrees and beautifully less" in the distance.

"Ah! ha! ha!" laughed Uncle Edward, scratching his head and looking after Florence. "That's a highfly of a girl, anyway! I wonder what Judge Howard would say if he should see her sometimes? Guess she doesn't dare to 'act out' before him—does she, think?"

Erle only laughed and watched the remote figure of Florence. He was not so much afraid of my grandfather's aristocracy as most people; probably because Judge Howard had always treated him with distinguished kindness and respect.

"Well," said Uncle Edward, dropping the pine stick he had been whittling and pocketing his jack-knife, "I believe I'll go into the house and take a smoke. The rest of you can come in when you get ready."

"Come, Agnes," said Erle, "let's go down toward 'Rocky Lonesome' to meet Floy."

As we returned, Floy let old Selim march on to the tune of "Old Hundred," as she said, while Erle and I walked on each side.

Very closely some little landscape pictures will cling to the memory. I can see most vividly that luxuriant swell of country over which we passed as we left Rocky Lonesome and paced slowly back to Uncle Knight's. The setting sun illumined the verdure of the fields so brightly that Floy said the earth was like a huge emerald, and the sky a turquoise setting. On the right of us, a musical brook was coursing down the hillside. To me it was bright as of poetry. We fancied we could hear the merry prattle of Undines, as it babbled over the pebbles, and almost expected to see the phantom of Kubleborn looming up before us in a gigantic mist.

"Erle," said Florence, as she stroked old Selim's mane, "I am so glad you happened out here just now!"

"Are you?" said Erle, with one of his broad, sunny smiles, which revealed such beautiful teeth. "If you are glad, then *I* am glad."

"Yes, to be sure," said Floy, peeping under his broad-brimmed hat to see if he smiled with his eyes. "Now you must be our knight and protect us from all the terrible dangers which surround us."

"I will try to be a faithful Don Quixote," said Erle, "but who is to be my 'worshipful Dulcinea del Toboso?'"

"Neither of us, of course," said Florence, laughing, "for he did not really care anything about Dulcinea. She was a sort of figment of the brain, as Mr. Hathaway says, wasn't she?"

"And she was at a distance too," said Erle.

"Now," said Florence, tapping Erle with her brier twig, "suppose I was truly your Dulcinea, what great conquests would you make?"

"Well," said Erle, smiling up at her, "I would overcome and cut down the most formidable grass you ever saw growing—I would swing my scythe like the sword of Time—I would—"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Florence, "I should care no more for that than Dulcinea did for the siege against the windmills."

"You are difficult!—Perhaps you would prefer a conquest over strawberries or perchance trout? Would that suit your ladyship better?"

"They are talking very pleasant nonsense," thought I, "how much they seem to enjoy it!"

So I smiled all by myself, and looked at the landscape, letting them chat without interruption.

"What a capital youth Erle is!" said Florence, after we had retired to our chamber.

"Yes," said I, "that is true."

"You are very cool," said Florence. "Now, I admire him! I am not sure I don't love him!"

"What!" exclaimed I, and my heart seemed to stop beating.

"Why, I mean just so," continued the gay girl; "I think it would be worth while to win him. He hasn't any heart, so far as I can discover. If he has, I'll see what impression I can make on it."

"Don't you dare, Florence!" cried I.

I was almost startled at my own vehemence.

"Ah ha!" said Floy, brushing out her fine hair and watching its golden ripples reflected in the mirror. "You've personal objections, I see. I wouldn't have thought that of you, Agnes! My eyes are getting opened!"

I knew Florence was jesting; yet I was vexed. "You understand me," said I, "you know that Erle is too noble to be trifled with."

"Yes, but suppose I were sincere; suppose I were right out and out sincere, grandmother! Have you any scruples about it? Speak now, or forever after hold your peace."

"If you were sincere, you little minx!" said I, forcing a laugh. "When you know you couldn't be sincere, and wouldn't. What might become serious earnest to Erle would be only sport to you."

"Well, between us, of course it would. I begin to think Erle likes me, though it is not at all probable that my father would ever consent to my throwing myself away on a *Narransauc boy*!"

"Throwing yourself away?" I could not help exclaiming. But I might as well spare my words. I knew nothing of the gay world of fashion peopled by her fancy with beings of a costlier mould than clay. Florence's life in N—— was only an embryo existence; she longed for her true sphere in the realms of novelty and splendor. She had never been taught the truth that "worth makes the man;" she believed that money, manners and position made him. Consequently, in her opinion, however noble and good poor Erle might be, he was nevertheless a "nobody."

I remember how I lay awake that night long after Florence slept, hearing the loud ticking of the kitchen clock. A bright moon shadowed forth on the floor the shape of the window with its white curtain looped on the side. The picture on the fireboard was distinctly visible—two Italian lazaroni, a man and a woman, caressing a noble mastiff, and in the distance a background of sombre ruins. But my thoughts were of none of these things.

Perhaps any right-minded young girl, whose whole soul is engrossed with her studies, seldom thinks of love but as a beautiful vision of the future. Let the sly god come though he may, he comes well disguised, and when the veil under which he hides is partially withdrawn, the first emotion of self-consciousness is a shock, half of delight, half of alarm.

It seemed to me that, during that night, I passed through an age of thought.

I looked at my sleeping friend—so fair in her sweet repose, and wondered why I had not been created as beautiful as she. What was all the dry knowledge I had gleaned with such miserly zeal? Why should I care to dig out all those gnarled roots which lie buried in the grave-yard of the dead languages? Of what avail was it that, after hours of patient thought, I could work out problems which were a Sphinx's riddle to the other girls?

All that the intellect can claim is cold admiration. Who would not sacrifice that, yea, though it were a hundred-fold greater, for warm, blind devotion?

With what a thrill of delight I had heard Erle's expressions of amazement at some scholarly achievement of mine. Floy, vexed, would burst forth in some careless melody to show her unconcern. I thought, bitterly: "She need not envy me any of Erle's admiration—what he spares me will never be missed!"

Then, with a gush of contrition, I kiss my unconscious friend and whisper in her unheeding ear that I will never allow myself to envy her—no, never—even though among her lovers Erle Graham should be the next victim.

CHAPTER IV.

Whether it was that my suspicions gave double keenness to my perceptions, and what would before have passed unheeded was now carefully noted—or whether Floy's demeanor after the light, coquettish speech she made in our chamber that evening, I observed, every day some new artifice of hers—some gentle, maidenly encouragement of his timid affection.

It irritated me to see her hide her plots under a sweet artlessness of manner, feeling assured as I did that Erle was being drawn toward her by a resistless fascination, only to be sooner or later scornfully repelled.

We had many moonlight sails and rambles, which seemed delightful to them, though protracted misery to me.

I knew Erle must wonder at my moods of fitful gayety and blank silence. He could not know how the charms of Florence—her brilliant play of fancy, her winning smiles, purposely arrayed like an armed force against his defenceless heart—were almost maddening me.

And very little would he have cared about analyzing the mind of simple Agnes just then! He lived in the light of Floy's eyes, while I was quiet, and said in my heart, "all men are dupes."

Saturday afternoon, just as my father was about to start for us, it commenced raining. Floy and I were secretly glad that we were not to go home. Floy particularly affected the pink baked beans and the red Indian puddings of Aunt Hester's baking; and we both thought that going to meeting in a schoolhouse and hearing an extemporaneous sermon would be very interesting.

Moreover, we were conscious that, by the country youths and maidens, we from Narransauc were looked upon as city ladies! Here was an opportunity to make a display. Unfortunately we had not our best dresses with us. Floy mourned over this, and was at first half inclined not to go to church; but a little contrivance and one or two borrowed articles from Aunt Hester raised her spirits again.

We walked to church in solemn, file—Erle and Florence going first, and Uncle Edward and I following after. I could not repress a smile as I observed the city airs which Floy assumed—she walked a queen."

The schoolhouse was profusely decorated. Festoons of oak-trimming passed for window curtains, or had once served in that capacity. Unfortunately, long familiarity with the sun had withered them so much that they bore some resemblance to strings of dried apples.

There were suggestive mottoes on the walls: "Try, try again," "Persevere," and "Knowledge is power."

As I heard the itinerant preacher, who stood in the desk, drone out the words of the hymn, I thought he must have pondered well the line of Pope: "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Doubtless those words had frightened him away from the Pierian spring before he had taken a tolerable draught.

His text was: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

The sermon was a poem in its way; or rather it was measured out with all the sing-song of one, and the text was used at intervals in the manner of a refrain.

"Now, my brethren," said he, "supposin' I should be took sick; we're all liable to bein' sick! In the beginning it was not so, but now we're all of us liable, my brethren!

"Now, if I was lying on my bed, with the cold, clammy sweat standing on my feverish brow, and my weeping wife and children were about me, how should I feel, my friends? Shouldn't I feel as if I wanted to get well for the sake of my family and for the cause of religion? I think I should.

"Well now, what should I do? Why, if there was a physician in an adjacent town near by I should want him sent for.

"And who should I want? Who would suit my case, my brethren? I shouldn't want a quack, now should I? I should want a doctor who had been to Philadelphy and got a good recommend! And he could cure me and raise me up for my weeping wife and children—for there is a balm in Gilead—there is a physician there!"

"Oh, Agnes!" whispered Florence.

"Now, my dear hearers, Christ comes with a good recommend! He is no quack. He never undertook a case but what he cured it. Oh, believe me, my brethren, when I say 'there is a balm in Gilead—there is a physician there,'"

"Did you ever?" said Florence, behind a hymn book. "What shall I do, Agnes? I shall laugh right out!"

"Be still!" said I, severely, "I am ashamed of you!" though all the while I was nearly convulsed.

It is, I believe, next to impossible for young girls to refrain from laughing when really "set out." The greater the impropriety of cachination the stronger the propensity to indulge in it.

Therefore, being seated in church, especially as a stranger, on a solemn Sabbath, in the midst of a crowd of worshippers, a young girl, or more properly two young girls, are called to pass through a great amount of suffering—provided anything happens which excites the risibles.

"We are all sick," continued the worthy divine, "we are spiritually sick—mortal sick, my brethren! The day of the 'mystic Babylon' is here! In the beginning it was not so, but Jewish creepers got into the church, my friends—"

"What!" whispered Floy, "what's that?"

"Jewish creepers got into the church, and now what do you see?

"Oh, my friends! the case isn't so bad as what it would be if Christ was a quack! The *Universalians* think so, but he aint no quack! He comes with a good recommend! He never undertakes a case but what he carries it through! 'There is a balm in Gilead, there is a physician there!'"

"There! there!" said Floy, as we walked home. "I've got out of it alive! I thought that sermon would be the death of me!"

"I think," said Erle, "that is an awful wicked man," as Miss O'Neil would say."

"What do you mean?" said I, stopping short with surprise. "Uncle Knight, didn't you call him a good, pious man?"

"I dare say," returned Erle, "but what right has he to be so illiterate? I wish you would tell me that."

"Sure enough," said Florence, scanning the bonnets at the right of us, at the left of us, and before us.

"When free schools are as common as air," continued Erle, "how criminally lazy a man must be who will not learn even to read decently!"

"That's a fact!" said Uncle Knight.

"I don't see why it isn't a sin," said Erle. "The Lord gave that man a grain of reason—he is not an idiot. Now, Agnes, I ask you if you don't think he is to blame for burying his one poor little talent?"

"Perhaps so," said I, "but reflect—"

"There, there, stop preaching," cried Florence.

CHAPTER V.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Knight," said Floy; "we've had a capital time."

"Good-bye, Annie, darling," said I, kissing my little cousin.

"Good-bye, Annie, darling, you dear little Twilight," said Floy.

"She's nearly black enough to be called Night," said Aunt Hester, laughing.

"Hardly," said Florence, "she is only duskish. You know first comes the *twilight*—then, 'Night, sable goddess,' &c."

"Pretty good," laughs Uncle Edward, scratching his head.

"Good-bye, Erle, we shall see you soon."

"That will do," said my father, jerking the reins. "We've no time to waste."

Until we reached Rocky Lonesome, where the rising ground hid our view, we could look back and see Erle waving his broad-brimmed hat. It was waved for Floy, I was sure.

"Have you missed me at home, father?" I said.

"Missed you, little puss?" he replied, pinching my cheek. "Haven't mother and I something better to do than to fret about you?"

But the tender smile which accompanied the words made them very sweet to me.

"Florence looks rosy and blooming; but you have been homesick, Aggie, or your cheek would never be so pale!"

"Oh, no, no," I exclaimed; "but how are the children? Is Alice well?"

My father never spoke to or of Alice as if she were at all like the other children. His voice was lower and full of feeling. Alice had been severely injured while an infant, and was a hopeless cripple.

"She is nicely," said my father; "she is well, but she says she wants Aggie."

"Dear little thing!" said I, "and Aggie wants her!"

"Haven't you any questions to ask, Florence? You have no chance to say a word. Suppose I had some news to tell you, would you like to hear it?" said he.

"News? Oh, do tell me," cried Floy, springing up as if from a dream.

"What person would you be very glad to see, hey?"

"Oh, cousin Walter Dunn!" said Florence at once.

"Well, it isn't he; guess again."

"Why, who can it be? Is it that fussy Mrs. Wood mother likes so well?"

"It is your brother Percy," said my father.

"Percy?" said Florence, faintly. "We did not expect him just yet. He got home last night, did he?" And Florence subsided again into a dream, and said no more until we dropped her at her own gate.

She ran over to see me that evening. She had especial information to give me. What could it be!—for by her dancing eyes and bright smiles, I could see it was something pleasant. It came out at last.

She was going to boarding-school. Percy had expressed a great deal of surprise that she should have been allowed to grow up into "a little Hottentot."

"He says I have no style; he considers me as awkward as a grasshopper," said Floy, laughing.

The truth was, Judge Howard had been for some time trying to decide what school he should patronize. Meanwhile, as our Narransauc schools were excellent, he had reason to know that her education was not neglected—that is, her solid education. As for accomplishments, he was feelingly alive to the lack of those.

At the close of the evening, Percy called for Florence. But how he had grown! How the goatee and imperial ran wild over his handsome face! How painfully erect he stood—and with what squareness of shoulders!

I thought of the fault he had found with his graceful sister, and tremblingly wondered whether he would consider me a Hindoo or an Arab.

However, in spite of my terrible want of "style," it was necessary that I should brave it out, and treat this son of Mars with such hospitality as I might.

His manners were of as exquisite polish as his fabulously small shoes, and no more than that need be said. Though I might think that his conversation indicated very little mental culture, what was my opinion worth! Nothing.

I was somewhat startled upon being informed by him that I was "blushing into womanhood most beautifully."

After that was said, the fact of my *blushing* was undeniable. My dumb diffidence seemed to charm the young cadet; he believed he had paralyzed me with awe.

My mother called him "Percy," which liberty from an old friend, he assured her, was "refreshing and inspiring" to him.

With much condescension, he detailed for us some West Point adventures wherein he was the chief agent, actor or doer—other students being for the most part in the objective case and governed by him.

"How long a stay do you intend to make in Narransauc?" said my mother.

Percy assured her he was quite uncertain. He had now graduated. His stay would depend for length upon certain business matters. There was little society at Narransauc, he said. The young men, he believed, were degenerating.

My mother was silent.

As regarded the young ladies, he had seen but few as yet, but was favorably impressed by those he had seen.

He looked at me as he spoke.

"Do you know, Mrs Fletcher, I have found just the school for Florence? It is at Hawthorn Dell, a most *recherche* affair! I am intimately acquainted with some of the young ladies, and they are perfected, I assure you—paragons of good-breeding, upon my word."

"I dare say," returned my mother.

"Now," continued Percy, "it just appears to me that Agnes should go too."

"The objection is obvious," said my mother, "we cannot afford it."

"Ah!" said Percy, "but Agnes, as a lineal descendant of my father, is entitled to an equal fortune with Florence and myself. There is no doubt that he would advance something for her education."

"That is possible," said my mother, "but her father would be the person to decide the matter, not I."

"Well, my dear," she said to me, when they had left, "do you want to go with Florence, provided your grandfather is willing to send you?"

"Do you think it would be best, mother?"

"No, my child, I do not," said she, gravely; "and if Florence were my daughter, I should shudder at the thought of placing her under such influences. Some boarding-schools are excellent institutions—some few; but that at Hawthorn Dell is not among the number."

"Very well," said I, cheerfully, "I knew what you and father would both say, and, to tell the truth, I have no inclination to go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TIM WOLFE'S LOVE ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

TIM DESCRIBED.

Love stories are very enchanting to the youth of both sexes. This is natural, since they themselves are full of the tender passion at this period of life and constantly on the look-out for that particular one who shall, either for weal or for woe, be their own companion through life. The love adventures of Tim Wolfe will possess charms for your youthful readers. And who, you may inquire, is Tim Wolfe? Let me tell you. Tim was raised and educated on the banks of our beautiful and far-famed Susquehanna river, in whose clear and rippling waters we, when as yet but a strip of a boy, often fished with the angling rod or set "*out*-lines," to catch eels, catfish, chub, pike, salmon and perch. Tim's parents were in the humble walks of life and poor, but, as Tim was their only child, they managed to give him a *classical* education. Tim was small of stature, but very neatly and delicately formed, and his beautiful chesnut-brown hair, pretty hands, keen and sparkling eyes, smooth face, high and broad forehead for his size, and very handsome and expressive intellectual countenance and steady conduct gained him friends and admirers wherever he went. Tim was remarkable for his modesty, and as he grew up into manhood, spent more of his leisure hours among the young ladies than he did among the young men of his own age.

CHAPTER II.

TIM'S FIRST LOVE.

In 1828, Tim commenced the study of the law twenty-eight miles distant from the place where he had studied the Latin and Greek languages, and after his admission to the Bar he began to look around for a wife, as well as a place to settle himself in business. When Tim left the Academy, where he obtained his classical education, he also left behind him the subject of his *first* love, a beautiful young girl named Angelina B——, to whom he was tenderly attached, but to whom he had never made known his attachment either by word of mouth or by letter. Tim, however, knew that he loved her, and that she once loved him. But, to bring matters to a bearing, he, on the 3d of February, 1831, wrote her a letter, in which he said, among other things: "Though it may seem strange to you that I, after a total silence of nearly three years, should now for the first time be induced to let you hear from me, yet I can assure you that time has rather increased than diminished that esteem, that early and romantic affection, which I have always had for you from our earliest years.

"'T me but the impression deeper makes,
As streams th ir channels deeper wear.'

"For, to use the language of Lord Byron—

"'To me thou art
What no state, high or low, can ever change,
My heart s *first choice*.'"

He then asked her whether she was engaged to be married to any person, and if not, whether she had any objection to him, and adds:

"This, I confess, is rubbing the delicate point very closely; it is, in fact, what the W——t ladies would call 'the pop direct'; but of what use are nice equivocations, studied circumlocutions and long courtships between two who have been so long acquainted with each other as you and I?"

And then in order to give her his own views about marriage more fully, he said:

"Neither wealth nor family influence do I covet; give me the object of my heart and I can pass a happy life. If she has a fortune, it is well and good, if not, it is immaterial. I could settle myself here very well, in a *pecuniary* point of view, but what happiness could I enjoy with a wife whom I could not love? Man's time in this world is short, and why should I put myself into a situation which must render even that, fleeting as it is, miserable and wretched? No, A——, I will never do it. Happiness is my object, and it can only be secured by procuring a companion, my love for whom surpasses that which I have for all other women. I, therefore, never will marry a woman whom I cannot love equally or in preference to all others; so, I never will, if I can possibly avoid it, marry one who can give me nothing but her hand, &c. Be so kind as to favor me with an immediate answer."

Tim thus showed himself to possess a *head* as well as a *heart*, for his views on the subject of marriage were certainly sound—correct. But poor Tim never received an answer from his *Dulcinea*, owing to some unexplainable cause or other, for which he could in no wise account. Tim, in writing to her, had thrown out the idea that "he hoped the time was not far distant when he would have the pleasure of seeing her." And, perhaps, the idea of her seeing him soon, kept her from answering his letter; but Tim never ascertained the real cause of her silence. Eight months after this, to wit, in September, 1831, Tim visited the residence of his first love, and found her conduct towards him so pleasant in some respects, and so repulsive in others—and, as a whole, so strange and mysterious, that he did not know what to make of it. And on his return home he wrote her a long letter, reviewing the favorable and unfavorable parts of her conduct towards him and closing thus, to wit: "Will you then write? If you do not, I shall have to consider your *silence* as tantamount to a *refusal* of my hand." But poor Tim again received no answer from Angelina, either in writing or otherwise, to his second epistle, and so he turned on his heel and let her pursue her own strange and mysterious way. And Tim has never seen her from that day to this, as she soon after married a musician, I think, and moved with her husband to another part of the State. This was what might be termed Tim's "*calf-love*," to use an old and expressive homely saying, but it all ended "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left no trace behind."

CHAPTER III.

TIM'S ADVENTURES FROM 1832 TO 1836.

Tim, in the spring of 1832, settled himself in the town of ——, in Pennsylvania, where, being sober, industrious and economical, he soon obtained a profitable run of law business to attend to, and, of course, began to make money pretty fast. Tim also signed the temperance pledge, and took a very active and prominent part in the great temperance reform that then, and for a good many years afterwards, prevailed throughout our State. And Tim, the ensuing year, became a member of the Presbyterian Church; and his talents, and his zeal and energy in its Sabbath-school and prayer-meetings, and in behalf of the cause of temperance and the like, and his steady and exemplary conduct, soon secured him a commanding influence through and over the community in which he had cast his lot. He courted no woman's favor now, but kept his eye and his heart in a calm pursuit of that dear object whom the God of Providence might assign him as a companion through life. And, although he met with many a pretty female form and face in the various places to which business called him, various attractive ladies threw themselves temptingly into his way, yet he saw no one to whom he could freely give both his hand and his heart. In 1835 6, however, he became acquainted with a *country* lass, near his own size and age, and who possessed a plump and rounded countour of form, and face of most exquisite beauty. And as her mind and heart corresponded with her personal attractions, Tim fell in love with her, for Tim, you will bear it in mind, had an uncommonly keen and tasty eye for whatever was beautiful either in nature or in art. Tim approached her cautiously, and finally sounded her by pointing out to her, and getting her to read in his presence, this passage of Scripture, to wit: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wr

them to his notice—he could not and would not marry, because he did not and could not love them. Some men, indeed most men, seem able to love anything in the shape of a woman, particularly if she has a plentiful supply of *the almighty dollar*." But Tim was not a man of that class, but the very opposite, as he found himself able to love but few women and such only as had peculiarly interesting attractions of person and of mind to captivate his eye and fix his heart. And if he could not get one such, he was determined to live and die in a state of single blessedness, rather than link himself to a woman that he did not love. No one knows how sad and sorrowful poor Tim was at seeing so many fine and loved women refuse to wed him. And when Mary W—— closed this long list of refusers, he had almost given up all of his marriage hopes in despair. But a brighter day for him was now close at hand. For in 1819, the one that God designed for him came along, and he now found it wonderfully easy to get married. And his dear Ellen was youthful, beautiful, dutiful, armful (at least for Tim), and fruitful. Indeed she filled Tim's eye more completely than any woman he had ever seen and courted, and he and his wife have ever regarded their union as a match o Providence's making. And candor compels me to say, that Tim's wife possessed within herself a very rare combination of those mental and bodily attractions that render woman lovely and a helpmate for man." Indeed, she was one of the handsomest and best women I ever saw, and next to second to none I ever saw. But God has taken her up to Heaven, and left poor Tim behind—a lonely widower—who may or may not marry a second time, just as Providence directs, as Tim now leaves that event solely to the guidance and governing hand of God.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, August 5, 1863.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE CRUMBLING.

At the close of the last century, so strong was the Chinese Empire that it could afford to defy the public sentiment of European nations, to persecute Christians, and refuse commerce with the outside world. In 1816, Lord Amhurst, the English Ambassador, was refused audience with the Emperor, and had to return home with the acknowledgment that his mission was a perfect failure.

And now that same Government is asking and receiving the advice of the British Government, and all but in name putting itself under the protection of Lord Palmerston. A nation of three hundred millions of people has thus become a sort of outside dependency of a nation of thirty millions. The Court of Peking has, in substance, asked the assistance of the British in restoring order to China, and by encouraging English, French and American volunteers on the side of the Manchou Government, and refusing it to the rebels, there is no doubt but that the old Government will be propped up and the rebels put down. Order will reign really under British protection. The United States are, indeed, guaranteed by treaty, that all advantages, especially of a commercial character conferred on any foreign nation by the Chinese, shall, *ipso facto*, be conferred on the United States, so that the more British influence extorts from the Chinese, the better for us and for the world.

But the lessons of this mighty downfall of the most ancient, and once the most powerful of nations, are very instructive. Nothing can show more clearly that the moment a government ceases to make its *power* respected, internal dissension and foreign attack will at once combine to destroy it. A few British ships of war, with guns of longer range and hollow shot of deadlier power than the Chinese, twenty years ago, in the time of the opium war, destroyed the prestige of a nation dating from the time of Abraham. Those ships of war would be laughed at now for they were mere wooden ships, and one of our monitors would destroy the whole of them. But they were stronger and more powerful than anything the Chinese could bring to match them, and the government lost the prestige of power, fell under the contempt of its own citizens, until insurrection at home and foreign rivalries brought all sorts of enemies against it in a second attack, and now China is virtually as much under British dominion as India. Had they deferred that war and obtained a few guns and artillery more from America how different the result had been. The first duty of a government is to be strong enough to put down all enemies that would prevent it protecting its own citizens, and to avoid all *doubtful* conflicts where possible. The Chinese had a righteous cause. They were simply endeavoring to prevent British traders smuggling opium from India to corrupt millions of the citizens—they were right in their cause, but not *strong* in the right. They ought to have had better guns, better fleets, and better disciplined soldiers.

We have now, probably, guns of as good range and soldiers as brave and hardy as any in the world; but we need a larger proportion of trained officers, having their troops as thoroughly in hand and as precise in their arrangements and discipline, as any foreign troops, or else we are not, and shall not be, safe. We ought to have a larger number of young men detailed to study scientifically the officers, and if twice the number now at West Point in addition were selected out of the army on account of their superior natural qualifications, and put through a most thorough course of training, it would be none too many. The greatest fault and danger to which our Government seems exposed just now, is that it should not impress itself as *a power* in all its just relations. The failure to do this will make twice as much of the real exertion of that power necessary. We think twice as much of our own power as others do, and that is almost sure to make trouble.

Another lesson taught by the Chinese downfall is the essential weakness and danger of all lies and shams and boastings and threatenings in a government which wishes to be respected. Deception and shams and corruption reigned in every department of the Chinese government. The emperor could not find out what was going on in his own empire if the news was disagreeable. Bombastic reports falsified everything. Treaties were negotiated and it is even said his signature forged, and the emperor kept in ignorance of the whole. For a time, the people were kept in ignorance and subjection, but when the truth that they were deceived flashed upon them, a universal want of confidence ensued, and all the ties which bind a nation together were cut. Whether truth and sincerity can be made to take the place of shams among the Chinese officials, remains to be seen at present. Foreign officers are rapidly supersceding the natives in all posts of trust.

WHAT THEY COUNT UPON.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of the New York riot, says:—

"But Lincoln will get no soldiers, and in this essential particular the rioters have triumphed. They set out to resist conscription, to save themselves from being dragged into the military service, and they have succeeded. In so doing they have taught all others how to make a like escape, and the lesson and example will not be unheeded. Henceforth the multitudes of the Yankee race will avail nothing against us, since the power to recruit the army from the body of the people is gone. The enemy must fight out the war with the forces they now have in the field. Volunteering is dead; conscription has been thwarted; militia calls will not produce soldiers. A reasonable strengthening of our forces will make us masters of the situation."

What a "reasonable strengthening" may be in the opinion of the Richmond editor, we cannot divine, but it is evident from the qualified language he uses that he knows it cannot be large. The shortcoming is supplied however by the expectation that the riot in New York has exploded the draft, and no more men will join the army either by conscription or volunteering. This is the weak spot in our Richmond cotemporary's argument, the error in his calculation. The draft is being enforced in numbers of the States, and the conscripts or their substitutes are already on their way to the join their regiments. Sufficient men will be raised in this way to fill up all the regiments having reduced numbers, and as the men are placed at once in the ranks with veteran troops, they will be ready for duty in a very short time. There is no question that the number of troops under the call will be raised; and what has the "Confederacy" to oppose to such a force? Their weakness has been exposed already by their inability to aid their Generals on the Mississippi; their strength has been measured and it is found nearly exhausted. They have been beaten in an issue of their own raising. Nothing is left them but to acknowledge their defeat and make the best of their present condition. Delay only makes it still worse.

KNOWING THEIR CUSTOMERS.—The newsboys of London, who probably are as sharp as the newsboys of this country in penetrating the public sympathies, ran through the streets on the day of the arrival of the intelligence of Lee's operations in Pennsylvania, with the cry—"Glorious news from America—Invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland by Gen. Lee and two hundred thousand confederates—Capture of Chambersburg—Harrisburg threatened—Lee within fifteen hours of Philadelphia—Baltimore and Philadelphia at the mercy of Lee—Washington to be attacked and taken at once—A strong force to take possession of New York." We suppose that the defeat of Lee, and the capture of Port Hudson and Vicksburg which followed so close upon the heels of the intelligence, was announced from the same quarter as "disastrous news."

THE FRENCH WINE CROP is very promising this year, and it is said that the quantity of ordinary wine will be far greater than it has been for the last five years, though the fine wine will be scarce.

MEXICO DECLARED A MONARCHY.

Napoleon having conquered Mexico, as he believes, has taken the second step in the programme he marked out for his policy in that country. He has declared Mexico a monarchy, and Maximillian, of Austria, the Emperor, if he will accept. If this prince, who has an empire thus thrust at him, has any regard for his own peace of mind and future quiet, he will hesitate a long while before accepting this gift. It is not usual, however, for empires to go begging, and some one of the ambitious scions of royalty will probably be found to fill the place, as a puppet in the hands of the French Emperor. This monarch, like Alexander, is not satisfied with regulating the political affairs of one continent, he must try his hand at regulating the affairs of the Western continent also. In this task he comes in collision at once with the spirit of the people in this half of the globe, and the political institutions established almost universally over the American continent. He comes in conflict also with the policy of the Government of the United States, openly avowed and hitherto earnestly maintained. But he doubtless has counted upon all this opposition, and carefully considered the probabilities of his being able successfully to meet it. The rebellion here has given him the opportunity of initiating his schemes, and the internal disorders of Mexico invited him to the task, as well as furnished him with a decent pretext for its undertaking. Originally his design was to put a check to the extension of the Southern States, which openly avowed territorial aggrandizement, to be one of the progesses by which their grand political and commercial empire was to be extended, so soon as they had thrown off their connection with the United States. But as the minds of the Southern leaders have since affiliated in sentiment with the monarchical views of the Emperor, we find him now with a tendency in the direction of the Confederacy, and he counts probably on his ability to better accomplish what he presently aims at in Mexico by direct sympathy with the South, and the adoption of a course which will effectually lead to the separation of it from the North. At least this is a card which he holds in his hand, and which he may hereafter play as it best suits his views.

We have not the least doubt that the leaders of the Confederacy, rather than submit to what fate tells them is inevitable, without the aid of France or England, will be ready to purchase political alliance with the Emperor, by which, for his recognition, they will agree to aid his designs in Mexico, and lend such assistance as will secure him in the peaceable enjoyment of its possession. Napoleon may not exactly accede to this proposition yet, but it is one that he can hold in obeyance, to be finally adopted if he finds he is likely to have trouble from the United States, by introducing political systems entirely at variance with our own, and imposing them upon a people, against their wishes, by his military power. The Emperor is a wily monarch and knows how to play his cards. Our own Government will have to be very circumspect in its action, and wait patiently for time to develope the necessary policy to pursue. If there is a manifestation on the part of the French Emperor of any purpose to reach his object by using the Confederacy to our disadvantage to promote them, he will precipitate a condition of affairs which will involve him in the most expensive and ruinous war that any monarch ever had on his hands. Mexico is not so weak but her eight millions of population can be made formidable by an alliance with the United States, and with the assistance and means we could offer, and the interruption our fleets would occasion between the French army in Mexico and its Government, it would not be very long before the invader would be driven disgracefully from the country. A war of this kind would be a bloody one, but it would be for our own nationality and that of Mexico, and would not end till both were secured against reckless ambition.

Mexico has been a kind of political football for ambitious minds ever since its independence of Spain. Driven to insurrection by the exactions and misgovernment of the Spanish Viceroys, the people succeeded in driving the Spaniards from the country. The first inclinations of the leaders was for a liberal government, but Iturbide succeeded in giving the finishing blow to Spanish authority and proclaimed himself Emperor. The liberal party, under Santa Anna, allowed him but a short exercise of his imperial powers. In ten months they overthrew his government and established a federal constitution similar to that of the United States. Spain attempted to regain her lost authority, but her army was compelled to surrender to Santa Anna. Since then revolution has followed revolution. Constitutional government has been succeeded by dictatorships, which have given place again to constitutional government. In all the changes which have taken place, there has been, however, a republican party which has always resisted, and successfully, the designs which have been formed from time to time to restore monarchy in Mexico. It is this party which will make the seat of any monarch imposed upon the people a troublesome place to occupy.

BALLOONING FOR THE ARMY.

It is a prevalent idea, though quite erroneous, that the balloon corps used for making military reconnoissances has been broken up, and the use of balloons dispensed with. The corps has suspended operations for the purpose of organization, and probably, consolidation with the signal corps, so as to embrace the operations of both departments in the one field of service. The Balloon Corps has been of considerable value to our army in operations in a field where, from the nature of the country and the invasion of an enemy's territory, it is almost impossible to procure information from other sources, which can be as much relied upon or as easily obtained. We have, in this application of aeronautics to military purposes, made further progress than any other nation, and chiefly because we have, through improvements and inventions, been able to overcome the difficulties which first attended their use. The French were the first to use balloons for military observations, and, even with their imperfect apparatus obtained important information attended with successful results; first, in 1794, at Fleuris, and later and more important at Solferino, in 1849. Professor Lowe, who had charge of some of the balloon operations with the Army of the Potomac, has made some most important improvements not only in the construction of balloons, but in the invention of portable gas generators, which enable him to fill a balloon in a few hours on the battle field, and to keep it inflated for months together, with but little replenishing, ready to go up day or night at any part of the field where observations are desired to be made. These improvements have given certainty and reliability to the use of the balloon, for it can be sent up in any kind of weather, and kept inflated in heavy winds. The idea that they cannot be used at Charleston for observing the enemy's batteries is fallacious. The balloon has been used at Fortress Monroe, attached to vessels, getting information, which could not be acquired, while James river was blockaded to our fleet. In Gen. Hooker's army it was of great service during the crossing of the Rappahannock. In the movements at Chancellorsville it was used day after day for observing the enemy's position at Fredericksburg, and at the fords above his exact position and probable strength were ascertained. This information enabled the commanding General to regulate his movements accordingly. During the progress of the battle it was kept observing the movements of the enemy, and made reports every few hours of the changes in his position. These services have been handsomely acknowledged by the commanding officer. General Heintzelman, at Manassas, first discovered their evacuation of that place, by means of the balloon; so, also, at Yorktown. Colonel Stoneman says he was better informed in regard to everything in his vicinity, after going up in one. The Prince de Joinville says the whole Union army was saved from destruction at Fair Oaks by the use of it. These instances are a few of those in which the balloon has been truly valuable to the operations of our army, and are sufficient to show how much greater service the balloon corps may do when better organization as a separate branch of the military service, with skillful superintendents, embracing persons of military experience and knowledge as well as of practical skill in aeronautics.

THE NEW MEXICAN EMPEROR.

The new Emperor chosen for Mexico by Napoleon, for the "Notables," through whom it was done, are only his instrument, is Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, brother of the reigning Emperor of Austria, and about thirty-one years old. He married the daughter of the King of Belgium, but has no issue. He holds the position of Vice Admiral in the Austrian Navy. He was selected by Napoleon when the invasion was first projected, Napoleon proposing a cession of Venetia to the new kingdom of Italy for the empire he was about to bestow in Mexico upon a prince of the Austrian House. Austria did not approve of the exchange, and flatly refused to part with her possessions for a gift the possession of which was of such doubtful security. Possibly Napoleon will endeavor to get a guarantee from the European powers, but a guarantee of this kind will not amount to much if the United States resolve that Mexico shall have liberty to choose her own form of government, which we have as clear a right to do as for the French Government to say that the "cause of civilization and order" demands that the great powers of Europe shall restore Mexico to good government and social quiet.

PRESENTED FOR TREASON.—The famous John Merryman, of Baltimore county, Md., who took a leading part in the violent opposition made by secession sympathizers in Maryland to the passage of the national troops from the East to Washington city, just after the war fairly began, has been presented by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court in Baltimore for treason. He gave bail on Friday, in the sum of $40,000, to answer the charge at the next November term of the court.

REBEL RAIDS.

The "raids" of the Southern rebels are, to use an expressive, though vulgar phrase, pretty nearly "played out." It was a very inviting and satisfactory business while the rebels had it all to themselves. The superiority of the rebels in horsemanship, acquired from the necessities of travel, in a country where railroads are few, compared with the means of locomotion in the North, and the general attention, in consequence, paid by the people to the raising of a good stock of horses, gave them a great advantage, at first, in the use of cavalry for such purposes, particularly in Virginia, where every man, nearly, has a good practical knowledge of horsemanship. Our acknowledged carelessness in protecting our own territory from danger, arising, no doubt, from the consciousness of our superior strength and resources, left the way invitingly open to such unfriendly incursions. Now, however, the facts are somewhat changed. We have, by two years' war, learned the necessity of having good cavalry corps, and as a Yankee, in which term we, like the rebels, include the "Dutchmen of Pennsylvania," is apt to learn very quickly, we have managed to become as perfect in this branch of service as the rebel cavalry. We are now able to try these "raids" parties ourselves, and we must do our enemy the credit to say that they have bettered their instructions, for the damage they have done is far greater than any mischiefs which the rebel raids have inflicted. The rebels claim that they have more dash and daring in these matters. Possibly this is so, for some of their incursions have been nothing but bravado, showing great courage, but leading to no result beneficial to themselves, and only teaching us a lesson, how much quickness or celerity of movement has to do with successful military operations. Our men, however, if they have less dash, have certainly more regard to the main purpose of such raids. They go for a particular object, and they succeed in it, as the loud complaints from the rebels of their destruction of property proves. The different circumstances existing relatively in the North and South, no doubt, greatly assist our operations, and tend to defeat those of the rebel cavalry. When Grierson, in Mississippi, and Stoneman, in Virginia, went out on their extended raids, they scarcely met any resistance, or found a man able to bear arms and ready to oppose their progress. When Morgan went into Ohio, however, he found a different condition of the State. Every stage of his progress only added to the number of enemies gathered in his front, and assembled around him. Though he traversed a large part of Indiana, and along the southern border of Ohio, he failed to accomplish anything very serious, or beneficial to his cause, and finally fell a victim to his own temerity. He not only sacrificed himself and his band, but he has been the cause of misfortune to his friends, who, depending upon his daring and his former success, imagined that equal success would attend his last raid, and that all he needed was a little assistance on the Kentucky side of the Ohio to divert attention, and enable him to recross the river into Kentucky. With this view his friends and coadjutors, Pegram and Scott advanced northward through Kentucky. They did not, however, get very far. Morgan being captured, our cavalry were able to pay attention to these other two perambulating heroes, and have attacked and beaten them back, taking a number of prisoners, and are still in pursuit. Every one of the rebel raids, therefore, recently undertaken, have come to grief, and inflicted more disaster upon the rebel cause than it has to ourselves. One of the Richmond papers thinks otherwise, and approves of these bold undertakings, against the counsel of those who have asked what good has come of them. The rebel journal says they destroy the property, cut off the resources, damage the means of conveyance of the Federal armies. But these are things which the Union resources enable them to restore much more speedily than they can do in the South, and the loss of entire commands like that of Morgan's must a great deal more damage the rebel cause, for a superiority of men is not one of the embarrassments the Confederacy experiences. Hereafter it is probable that the business of raiding through an enemy's country for mischief will be largely monopolized by Union cavalry.

MOVEMENT AGAINST MOBILE.

Grant's army will not be quiet after its victories. Herron's division is announced as being on its way to Mobile. That city has been strongly defended; at first in the harbor, a naval attack being expected, but recently the inhabitants have commenced throwing up intrenchments to protect it from a land attack coming from an opposite quarter. It will be made as strong, therefore, as the means at command will admit, and is being provisioned for a long siege. Mobile cannot be made stronger than Vicksburg, and Grant's army took that. A siege of Mobile will doubtless end in a similar success, for the whole of his army can invest the city on all sides, and Johnston's present force is not any larger than is necessary to form a garrison for the defences. There will therefore be but little interruption to the siege from any army outside, for the rebels have not the means to raise a new force sufficient to take the field against Grant. The taking of the city by siege from the interior approach will necessarily compel the forts in the harbor to surrender. The possession of the rivers in Alabama will open the way to the whole interior of the State from one end to the other. The Mobile river, formed by the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee, drains nearly the whole surface of the State into one single channel. The Tombigbee, or Western branch, is formed of the Tombigbee proper, from Mississippi, and the Black Warrior, from North Alabama. It admits vessels drawing five or six feet of water to a distance of 93 miles from the bay. The Tombigbee proper is navigable for steamboats to Columbus, Mississippi, 300 miles. The Black Warrior is navigable to Tuscaloosa, 285 miles. The Alabama river, or Eastern branch is navigable for vessels of five or six feet draft to Claiborne, 60 miles above its junction with the Tombigbee. Steamboats ascend it to Watumpka, on the Coosa, over 300 miles above. The navigation of all these streams is subject, however, to interruption in dry or summer weather, from low water. The possession of this State, which the capture of Mobile may be said to give, will narrow the rebellion, by driving it back to Georgia, and confine it to Georgia, North and South Carolina and Virginia, neither of which is free from occupation by Union armies, and one of which is considerably shaken in its faith and loyalty to rebellion. The movements which are now being made along the Southern seacoast to possess the cities and harbors not yet in our hands, have a most important bearing, therefore, upon the rebellion. If Charleston falls, another base of operations is obtained which will still further narrow the rebel operations and cut off their supplies, and sweep the resistance back into Virginia, where our armies may finally concentrate and give the crushing blow, if Meade does not anticipate the course of events and by striking a fatal blow at Lee's army, expedite the end of the present insurrection.

CHARLESTON.

The Charleston papers give full accounts of the recent assault on Fort Wagner and repulse of our troops, and they seem to have been inspired with a little more confidence in their ability to hold it by the result. Gen. Gilmore is proceeding, however, steadily on in his work, and judging from the ability he exhibited at Pulaski, he will finally triumph. Some of the New York journals are severely censuring his assaults by storm as needless expenditure of life, but the General probably knows what is necessary to be done and when properly to do it. The nature of the soil on the beach, sand percolated by water under its surface, prevents, it is said, carrying Wagner by regular siege approaches, and makes it necessary to take it by *coup de main*. He is now erecting additional batteries, which will increase the fire to be concentrated on Wagner. The last assault was undertaken, it is believed, from a fear that General Gilmore had that the rebels would attempt to throw an overpowering force upon him while in his exposed position. The position is now made sufficiently strong to hold, and the attention of the General can now be turned entirely to reducing the forts on the north side of the island. His difficulties are probably not greater than those General Grant encountered, but with adequate means the stronghold of Vicksburg fell.

DECISION RESPECTING SUBSTITUTES

Provost Marshal General Fry seems to be very unfortunate in his decisions respecting substitutes. He has been obliged to revoke several of his former orders, and now he has just reversed that ridiculous one in which he said the substitutes must be over 20 years of age. He has just sent the following order to this city:—

PROVOST MARSHAL OFFICE,
Washington, July 22.

R. S. BARNWELL, Twenty-third and Parrish Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Substitutes between 18 and 20 will be accepted with consent of parents. J. G. FRY,
Provost Marshal General.

The other half of this decision, referring to other substitutes over 45, still remains in force. There is more reason for this than there was for refusing substitutes between 18 and 20, when the army is filled with such young soldiers, and excellent, serviceable troops they make, daring, enterprising and enthusiastic. Still there are large numbers of men over 45, who are physically capable of enduring three years' service. When men present themselves as substitutes, the question should be as to their physical ability, and not particularly as to their age, where it is apparent that their age has not enfeebled their powers of endurance.

THE CAPTURED BLOCKADE-RUNNER EMMA.—The blockade-runner Emma, captured by the Arago, was commanded by a half-pay officer of the British navy. One of the passengers on board of her was Arnold Harris, formerly of the "States," published in Washington City. He went with McGraw into the enemy's lines, after the battle of Bull Run, to get Col. Cameron's body, and did not return. The Arago, though not strictly a war vessel, is an armed Government transport.

IMPORTANT WAR NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

CROSSING OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK—LEE'S ARMY MASSED NEAR CULPEPPER—A RECONNOISSANCE AND A FIGHT.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, August 2, 1863—General Buford's cavalry, artillery, and a supporting infantry force, crossed the Rappahannock at the railroad station, yesterday, and thence with his cavalry and artillery he proceeded towards Culpepper, driving Stuart's cavalry before him. When near Culpepper, General Buford encountered a large rebel force of infantry and artillery, and a fierce fight ensued, lasting until dark, when he withdrew to a strong position east of Brandy Station. The loss on both sides was considerable.

This reconnoissance confirms the reported concentration of Lee's forces near Culpepper, and indicates that his present head-quarters are at Stevensburg, four miles southeast of Culpepper.

The twenty-nine sutlers' wagons captured near Fairfax on Thursday night, by Mosby and his band, were recaptured, with all their contents, on Friday morning, near Aldie, by the 2d Massachusetts cavalry. A skirmish ensued between the rebels and our advance guard, but on the approach of the main body Mosby fled, closely followed by the cavalry. Several of the enemy are reported killed and wounded, but no report has been received of the result of the pursuit.

This morning a detachment of our cavalry killed two and captured two others at Mosby's ranch, near New Baltimore, and were engaged in ferreting out others.

The weather yesterday and to-day has been by far the hottest of the season. All is quiet to-night.

Important from North Carolina.

JEFF DAVIS DENOUNCED—THE RALEIGH STANDARD THREATENS A REVOLUTION—A DELEGATION TO WASHINGTON PROPOSED.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 2.—The steamer Escort arrived this morning with Newbern mails to the 1st inst.

The Raleigh Standard denounces Jeff. Davis as a Repudiator in whom no confidence should be placed, and whose efforts to establish a Southern Confederacy will be a failure.

The Richmond Enquirer calls upon Jeff. Davis to suppress the Raleigh Standard and wipe out the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

The Standard says, "Governor Vance will heed by the Supreme Court and the Standard also, if necessary, and if Jeff. Davis attempts to suppress the Standard, Davis will be met with force, and a revolution in this State will be the result. John Mitchell, the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, is an agent of Great Britain, which has long sought to divide the Northern and Southern people."

The Raleigh Standard says that "North Carolina has furnished 35,000 soldiers for this causeless war, 40,000 of whom are either killed or wounded; and that North Carolina should send a delegation to Washington at once, and see what terms can be obtained, and not wait for Jeff. Davis."

The recent cavalry raid, under Col. Spear, from Norfolk to Jackson, N. C., found the enemy entrenched strongly at Jackson, which commands the approach to Weldon.

Major Anderson, on the 26th ult., captured the enemy's pickets, and took possession of an important bridge, thereby defeating the enemy in their intentions.

The Movement Against Charleston.

NEW YORK, August 4.—The steamship Belvidere, from Port Royal, July 29th, arrived here this morning. She brings home the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, whose term has expired.

By this arrival we have news from our forces near Charleston, to Wednesday last, the 29th ult., the Belvidere having passed out of Port at 11 A. M. on that day. At that time the New Ironsides and two of the Monitors were engaging Fort Wagner.

General Gilmore had succeeded in constructing a large line of batteries within 250 yards of Fort Wagner. He had also mounted three heavy siege guns within one mile and a quarter of Fort Sumter, which were to open on that fortress the day the steamer left. The General was confident that when he got all his heavy siege guns mounted he would soon reduce Sumter.

The casualties on our side lately have been few in number.

LATER.—We have obtained some further particulars of the news from Charleston harbor, brought by the transport Belvidere to-day.

The Ironsides and two Monitors, abreast of Fort Wagner, were occasionally firing on both Fort Sumter and Fort Wagner. No engagement of any account has taken place since the assault of July 18th upon Wagner. Our forces since that time have not averaged more than four per day. General Gilmore has now more than fourteen Parrott guns and mortars in position on Morris Island.

For the present the idea of taking Fort Wagner has been abandoned, and he passing but a slight impression upon the sand work, with that work is composed—the branch made by one shell being soon filled up by the explosion of another.

General Gilmore is confident that, with his heavy siege guns, he can breach Fort Sumter.

The Tenth Connecticut regiment captured the rifle pits within two hundred and fifty yards of Fort Wagner. Col. Otis, of this regiment, came here on the Belvidere, for the purpose of taking back drafted men.

Despatch from Admiral Porter.

WASHINGTON, August 1.—Rear-Admiral Porter, after giving a detailed account of the blowing up of the De Kalb, says:

"We are somewhat compensated for the loss of the De Kalb by the handsome results of this expedition. Five of the largest and handsomest boats that ever run on this river were destroyed by the rebels to prevent their falling into our hands. They were burned entirely up, and one smaller one was captured.

"The rebels sustain a great loss in these boats. Any one of them could have been converted into a powerful ram or gunboat, and the loss of them breaks up their chance of transporting troops."

Our forces captured five heavy guns, a lighter, and all the ammunition and stores of the enemy. This frees the Yazoo river of rebel troops.

The loss of the rebels by this expedition has been all the guns they left on the Yazoo river, $500,000 worth of steamers, $500,000 worth of cotton, and as much more in other stores necessary for the maintenance of their army.

Rear Admiral Porter says that he is not sure of raising the De Kalb, and cannot yet ascertain her injuries.

All the guns and everything which could be got out were removed, including the Paymaster's books and Government funds.

As the residents of Yazoo City did not take the trouble to warn him of the torpedoes, which they had an opportunity of doing, three thousand bales of cotton have been seized to pay for the gunboats.

The Retaliation Order.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJ'T.-GEN'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, July 31.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 252.

The following order of the President is published for the information and government of all concerned:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1863.

It is the duty of every Government to give protection to its citizens, of whatever class, color or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations, and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To this end, any enslaved captive person on account of his color, and for no offence against the laws of war, is reduced to slavery or sold into slavery, any such act of inhumanity and barbarism, and a crime against the civilization of the age. The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offence shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession. It is therefore ordered, that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the law a rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war. [Signed] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By order of the Secretary of War.
[Signed] E. D. TOWNSEND, Ass't. Adj't. Gen.

Mail Communication with New Orleans Resumed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—In reply to an inquiry of the Post-office Department, Special Agent Gist, at Memphis, says he has conferred with Captain Pattison, commandant of the navy yard, and Captain Lewis, Assistant Quartermaster of Transportation, and they both concur with him that it will be safe and expedient to send the Washington and New York mails to New Orleans by way of the Mississippi river.

Arrangements have been made for a convoy at least once a week from Vicksburg to New Orleans, and convoys can be more frequent when required by the necessities of trade or of public interest.

The Postmaster-Gen'l, however, does not feel himself exactly justified, at present, in ordering this service. But if correspondents wish their letters to go to New Orleans by way of Cairo they can make their endorsements upon them accordingly, and they will be sent at the risk of the writers.

From Vicksburg.

THE REBEL CONSCRIPTION IN WEST TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS July 30.—The steamer Warsaw, from Vicksburg, has arrived, with Major Gen. Blair and staff, en route for St. Louis.

All was quiet at Vicksburg and its vicinity.

Col. Richardson, the rebel guerrilla, has issued an order requiring all the men of West Tennessee, between 18 and 45, to report at his camps, under the rebel conscription act. The following are the instructions given for carrying out this order: If a man should absent himself from home to avoid this order, burn his house and all his property, except such as may be useful to this command. If a man resist this by refusing to report, shoot him down; if a man takes refuge in his house and offers resistance, seize his house on fire and guard it so that he may not get out.

The officers of the steamer Conner, from Helena, report the arrival of General Davidson, with a large cavalry force, from Pilot Knob, Mo. He captured about 500 Rebels ten miles from Helena, and brought them in.

The Rebel Invasion of Kentucky.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PRISONERS CAPTURED—THE REBELS ABANDON THEIR PLUNDER.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 2.—The rebels burned fifty wagons loaded with forage, at Stanford, Ky., yesterday.

Colonel Sanders reports to General Burnside having captured 350 rebels near the Cumberland River, including Colonel Ashby. The balance of the raiders are rapidly retreating, having abandoned their plunder.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The Memphis Despatch, announcing the "capture" of Brashear City, is scarcely correct. Our forces marched upon the city and finding no enemy there they occupied it. Whether the rebels had fled is not exactly known, but they had certainly made a clean sweep of the place, as not an article of all the vast stores that they had taken from us remained. They have thus made a successful escape with millions worth of guns, ammunition and stores, which will serve to aid them in their next stand against us.

The occupation of Brashear opens communication by rail again with New Orleans, and this time, I apprehend, the position will be securely held.

I hear that a large force of our troops on the Peninsula, have been sent to reinforce Gilmore in his operations against Charleston. A.

MOSEBY'S GUERRILLA RAID—HIS PLUNDER RECAPTURED.

Information has been received at Head quarters of the recapture, by the 2d Mass. Cavalry, of all the wagons, men, goods, horses, &c., taken by Mosby, in his late raid on Fairfax Court House.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE OFFICE.

At the opening, yesterday, of the spacious new building of the Daily Chronicle, the Executive Department was represented by President Lincoln and Secretaries Seward and Welles, Rear Admiral Smith, General Hauptzelman, and chief personnel officers of the Bureaus, editors and correspondents, telegraph operators and clerks of the various departments, comprising a large and a truly pleasant party. All were handsomely entertained by Col. Forney, the proprietor of the Chronicle, at the Waverly House.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The report is received that Gen. Meade is to be removed and that his place will be filled by Gen. Sedgwick. No particular or sufficient cause is assigned for his army while the latter was engaged in daily making his way back into Virginia. That council of war, whose decision Meade acquiesced in, is regarded as his fatal error, as but for this Lee would have been followed up, and, it is believed, the bulk of his army captured. It was decided, however, as imprudent to continue the pursuit, and the daring invader escaped.

Since crossing, too, there have also been complaints against the new commander for not heading Lee off in Virginia; but those who know the exact position and opportunities of the respective armies, know that Lee was master of the situation, and that he could conduct his retreat in his own time and in his own way. Under all the circumstances, Gen. Meade did his part, and if he is removed he will feel in his own breast that it was without cause.

There are some base enough to insinuate that the General did not want to follow up and capture the rebels. They denounce him as a Democrat—a McClellan man—and he rather wished the rebels might escape. They even assert that he would not have fought the battle of Gettysburg, had not Lee thrown down the glove, and it was only as a measure of self-defence that he took it up.

What the President's views are I cannot say. He has not failed expressing to friends the deep disappointment he felt at the escape of Lee, when everything, even the elements, had conspired in favor of his capture; but whether he will listen to the clamor for his removal is a question for the future to solve.

Another removal hinted at as likely to take place, if it has not already, is that of General Banks, who, rumor says, is to be succeeded by Gen. Franklin, now in the Creole State. A rumor was prevalent at the date of Gen. Franklin's departure from here that he would supersede the Massachusetts General, but it was not credited, and has not been alluded to revived. Today, however, it finds strong currency, with the probabilities of its proving true. Like the rumored removal of Meade, it is difficult to see what causes exist for the removal of Banks. There is not a general in command who can show a more satisfactory record, and he can point from the scene of his present labors, if he must do so, to a consciousness of duty done.

The rebel organs are making the bold statement of predictions that the forces will not capture Charleston; but they were equally confident that Vicksburg and Port Hudson would not fall, and yet both are in our complete possession. Gen. Gilmore is no doubt short of men for a land force, but he does not lack for the necessary weapons, and with Wagner into a heap of ruins. Nor need Sumter long bear front with cotton bales, for, once Wagner is our, neither cotton bags nor sand bags can save Sumter from surrender. A.

From New Orleans.

Hon. Daniel O. Baker of Lynn, Mass., died at New Orleans on the 19th.

Major General Franklin and staff arrived at New Orleans on the 26th.

A hundred and forty-six rebel officers have been sent to New Orleans, from Port Hudson. The New Orleans Era says the guns and ammunition captured at Port Hudson, prove larger in number and quality than was represented by the rebels.

The paroled prisoners from Vicksburg, who arrived at New Orleans lately, have been sent to Mobile.

A Matamoras letter, of June 16th, to the Era, mentions a rumor that 7,000 French soldiers were on the way there, from Vera Cruz.

The Mexicans at Tamaulipas and Matamoras will give them a warm reception, and will fight them to the last.

Some five or six thousand refugee Texans have passed through Matamoras, to escape the rebel conscription, or the alternative of being pressed into the service that Texas would be loyal if the rebel troops there were driven out.

The Era of the 23d says, "report apparently trustworthy state that Johnston has been severely whipped at Jackson, and that Breckinridge's division were all cut to pieces, and the victory of our army was complete."

The Post office has been opened at Port Hudson.

The water in the Mississippi had risen ten feet. Several steamers from Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez and other river cities, had arrived at Port Hudson. Col. Chickering, the Provost Marshal of Port Hudson, had ordered all civilians out of the place.

Two large steamers had been found near Port Hudson, which were immediately taken by our Quartermaster. A portion of the paroled rebel prisoners have been sent from Port Hudson to Red River, under a guard of the Fiftieth Massachusetts Regiment.

Quite a number of cannon continue to be unearthed at Port Hudson.

Among the passengers from New Orleans, are Major General Auger and staff.

Affairs at Vicksburg.

A correspondent, writing from Vicksburg, under date of July 14, says:

DEAD REBELS EXHUMED FROM THE RUINS OF FORT HILL.

A horrible discovery has just been made on the rebel line of fortifications. Quite a number of men have been engaged in repairing the rebel fort that was blown up on the night of the 3d inst. In the course of their operations they have exhumed sixty or eighty dead bodies found buried in the ruins of the fort. It seems that while our miners were at work making an entrance into the side of the hill that was crowned by the rebel fort, a strong working party of rebels were set to work sinking a counter-mine within the fort.

The party, consisting, it is said, of more than a hundred men, were in the rebel mine when ours exploded, and those of them who were not killed outright were buried alive. Some of the exhumed bodies were terribly lacerated and mangled, while others have not a mark or bruise upon them. Two heads, one that of a negro, have been dug up. They were completely severed from the bodies, the latter not having yet been found. The bodies are found in almost every conceivable position—some standing erect, others sitting or lying, and, in one instance, a body was found turned over as if it had been caught in that position by the crumbling earth while falling headlong into the pit below.

The Widow of a Soldier made a Postmistress

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE OCEAN IRON-CLADS.—The Navy Department has instructed the officers superintending the construction of the iron-clad vessels intended for ocean navigation, to expedite as rapidly as possible the work upon them. The work on the Puritan and Dictator is consequently going on rapidly, and the vessels will be ready for launching some months sooner than was expected. The Roanoke, New Ironsides, Puritan and Dictator are the only armored ships in the United States navy which rank as frigates; but the government has received from different contractors models for a craft of three thousand tons, which will probably be accepted as types for another fleet. The idea of building the seven thousand ton vessels, for which proposals were asked in the department advertisements, seems to have been abandoned as impracticable.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, August 5, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

☞ A correspondent of East Java, N. Y., is informed that unless the story spoken of is extraordinarily good, it will hardly be worth while to send it, as our stock on hand is large. In writing for the press, but one side of the paper should be written upon. We do not return manuscripts unless the necessary amount of postage has previously been sent us.

"EARLIER DAY MEMORIES" and "TWILIGHT MUSINGS" are declined.

"REMEMBRANCES," by S. A. S., is accepted and will appear.

"THE TINY WAIST," will be published, though we think something very like it we have seen before.

"THE SCENES IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA" is declined.

"THE DAY OF THE DEAD," by H. M. Beam, is at hand, and shall early find a place in our columns.

"ON LEAVING HOME" is all very well, but more didactic than we desire in the way of correspondence.

"THE BORDER ROVER" was published in book form, some years ago, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, but we do not know that it is now in print.

LIFE ON THE BUTLER PLANTATION.

We should expect Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble's journal of her residence on the celebrated Butler plantation to make a much greater sensation in England than in this country. There it must do immense good to the North on account of the genuineness of the pictures of plantation life. The history of the work is about as follows:

A wealthy uncle or near relative left an estate consisting of an island in the Altamaha river, opposite the town of Darien, Georgia, to two brothers by the name of Butler, then rising young men of Philadelphia. One of these married Miss Fanny Kemble. The estate itself was one of the finest sea island cotton plantations in the State of Georgia, on which were some seven hundred slaves. As a general rule, after they had owned it a few years, no white man lived on the island, and the negroes, many of them, were born, lived and died on the island without ever going off it. Rufus King, Esq., had the management of the plantation, which he used to visit about once a fortnight, the others often never seeing their estate for years. For many years the resident overseer was himself one of the slaves, although at times they may have had a white man. In dangerous cases of sickness a doctor would be sent over for in a boat from Darien, and at stated intervals the pastor of one of the churches was paid by the owner to go over and preach, and administer ordinances. In the year 1842 it was considered one of the best managed and certainly one of the most productive plantations in that part of Georgia. These particulars are not gathered from Mrs. Kemble's book, but were well known by all persons resident in the neighborhood.

When Mrs. Kemble visited there in 1838, '39, all her habits were in striking contrast with those of the ladies of refined society around her. They discreetly shut their eyes to what was going on upon the plantations, leaving the overseers to manage all such matters. She kept her eyes, ears and mouth open, and, what is more, she kept her pen moving, and recorded much that nothing would probably have induced her to publish to the world, or indeed justified her in publishing, except to let the world know the wrongs which Englishmen were learning to applaud, in order to divide this country. So far, the publication has been well-timed. The style in which she writes will give the best clue to that personal unpopularity in the South, which, apart from slavery, would never have made her visits to the plantation agreeable.

With honest, unsuspecting ease, she would look into things from which other ladies around her turned away their heads, and found it most convenient and comfortable not to see them. Her bold, fearless, masculine spirit led her into many strange situations. If a negro was sick, instead of sending for the doctor, she herself would take one oar at least, and sometimes both, and row against wind and tide, to the great horror of the medical functionary, to fetch him, and see that he came, and that he performed his duties. Thus she saw for herself, and acted to the terrible annoyance of her husband, who was mortified to find his wife soon esteemed quite unlady-like, by the society of one of the most aristocratic portions of the South.

What changes have a few years wrought? Mr Butler and his wife parted. All those seven hundred negroes, many of whom had never been off that island, nor their fathers before them, since they came from Africa—all of them were sold by Mr. Butler before the war broke out. The plantation lies waste. The very town of Darien has been captured by colored troops, large parts of it burned, and the old state of things generally upturned. Where the McIntoshes, and the Kings, and the Butlers, and most aristocratic gentry of the olden time lived, is now a waste, a howling wilderness. And the interior life has here been uncovered by a most rigidly truthful and unsparing pen. The work will be an important contribution to the history of Southern life.

THE CROPS.

The Agricultural Bureau, at Washington, collects information relative to the crops of the country, and the knowledge acquired through this source is probably more accurate and full than when gathered from agricultural papers confined to a limited local experience or observation. This Bureau has made a report of the crops of May and June, from which it appears that one-tenth more land was planted in wheat than in 1862, which was the largest crop ever grown in this country. Spring wheat has been injured to the extent of one-tenth, but the other promises a large yield. Barley is excellent. Corn, generally of small size, in appearance one-tenth below the standard of a good crop. Oats, though injured, will be a better crop than last year. Grass is twenty per cent. below the appearance of a good crop. The increase of sorghum is twenty-seven per cent. Tobacco culture is extensive in the Northern States, and its appearance is an average crop. The appearance of the cotton crop, so far, is favorable. The dry weather enabled farmers to free it from weeds and grass. During the drought it was but one-tenth below the average of a good crop; and, in amount, the increase is eighty per cent. over last year in the localities where it is now cultivated, which are much fewer than those of last year.

THE BAN REMOVED.—A few days ago, Gen. Schenck ordered all army officers then staying at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore, to leave the house and not to return. This, it is said, not only had the effect of inducing those officers who were guests of the hotel to remove from it, but of preventing other persons from stopping there. A number of loyal citizens of Baltimore have since appealed to Gen. Schenck to reconsider an order that was working serious injury to Mr. Barnum, whose loyalty was not even questioned, and Gen. Schenck has now revoked the order.

PAROLED.—Mr. John Glenn, of Baltimore, who was sent South for disloyalty, and then sent back because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, has been released from prison on his parole, by General Schenck. Mr. Glenn must by this time begin to have a poor opinion of himself. A man that neither side will have must be in some considerable difficulty to know exactly where he belongs or which government he has the right to apply to for protection.

NO SHIRKING OF THE DRAFT. The Common Council of Cambridge (Mass.), has passed a resolution that no person shall be employed by the city government of Cambridge, either directly or indirectly, who shall have availed himself of his allegiance as a British subject to escape the draft.

HORSES AND GREEN-HEAD FLIES.

Any one who has seen the severe distress to which horses are subjected in driving through the Jersey pines, or down at the sea shore, where our citizens resort, must have been pained, if possessing ordinary feelings of humanity, to witness the frantic efforts of horses to keep off the attacks of greenheaded flies. These flies, by instinct, seem to know the tender and exposed portions of the horse's body, and lighting upon the legs, flanks, or behind the ears, puncture his skin till the blood starts forth. Our sympathy has been so moved for the sufferings of these poor animals, that we have long desired to see some means of relief to their sufferings, or some mode of protection against the bites of these pests, adopted. Almost all flies have a repugnance to oil, and nothing is more fatal to them than dropping it upon their bodies. Entomologists tell us that the breathing apparatus of flies is under their wings, and not through the same aperture they receive their food. This accounts no doubt for the fatality of oil to them, for it no sooner touches their bodies than it enters their breathing apparatus and suffocates them, just as certainly as carbonic acid suffocates a lung-breathing animal. Reasoning from this fact we have tried the experiment of rubbing sweet oil upon the hands and wrists for the purpose of driving off mosquitoes, and the experiment was followed with the most successful results. Even the tone of the mosquito's hum will change when coming in contact with a skin rubbed over in this way, and it is amusing to notice it. Its song of triumph, *sing, sing, sing*, as it approaches, confident of enjoying a sanguinary feast—that cruel, leisurely and unvarying hum, as if it took delight in preparing its victims for the torture by making them conscious of attack—is changed at once into the sharp and quick cry of *tag, ing, ing*, as it darts off as if it had touched a coal of fire and did not like the sensation it had caused. We believe that this same remedy, sweet oil, would keep our soldiers from the attacks of mosquitoes while lying in camp. And we further feel confident that sweet oil, or any sticking oil, as fish oil—coal oil is too volatile and requires to be too often repeated—rubbed upon the body, legs, and all vulnerable parts of horses would drive away the green-headed flies just as effectually as it does the mosquitoes. We see what efforts a fly will make to escape as soon as it lodges upon soft butter, and how rarely it does so with its life. It knows by instinct that oil is fatal to it. The experiment of it upon horses is not a difficult nor expensive one, and as it will save such valuable animals from attacks which drive them nearly frantic and greatly impair their usefulness to the owners, we suggest that the oil remedy be tried by every humane owner or driver of horses, or persons having any sympathy with the sufferings of that noble beast.

THE NEGRO REGIMENTS.

The negro regiments will soon form a tolerably large addition to the army. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives a list of those already in active service, and those which are being recruited. The list is as follows:

Two Massachusetts regiments, in the field.
Two South-Carolina regiments, in the field.
One North Carolina regiment, in the field.
One Philadelphia regiment, in the field.
One Washington (*D. C.*) regiment, ready for service.
One Kansas regiment, in the field.
Two New Orleans regiments, in the field.
Four Mississippi and Tennessee regiments, in the field.
One Rhode Island artillery company, in the field.

In all fourteen regiments and one battery full and either in or ready for active service.

The following are being formed:

One Philadelphia regiment, nearly half full.
One Washington (*D. C.*) regiment, nearly half full.
One Baltimore regiment.
One Virginia (Fortress Monroe) regiment.
One North Carolina (Newbern) regiment.
Two South Carolina regiments.
One Ohio (Camp Delaware) regiment.
One New Orleans regiment.
Sixteen Mississippi and Tennessee regiments.

In all, organizing and many of them well advanced, 25 regiments.

This force will probably number about 30,000 men. There is some truth about the pay and bounty, as negro volunteers, according to law, get but $10 per month, and no bounty, while, according to the draft, they are entitled to $13 per month and the same bounty as any other drafted persons, the law making no distinction in respect of color. This tends as a check to volunteering, and the authorities at Washington are trying to arrange the matter more satisfactorily. There is a pressure bearing upon them also in respect to black substitutes for white drafted men. It is urged, as against Provost Marshal General Fry's order, that the permission to substitute negroes for white men drafted will tend to make the draft more popular in the Eastern cities, where so many negroes are to be found.

THE STATE DEFENCES.—Though many of the militia regiments are returning to their homes, the State is not to be left, as formerly, defenceless, inviting invasion. The Harrisburg Telegraph says the three months' men will be mustered out according to the date of their muster-in rolls. By this system there will be a force of considerable numbers kept on the border for some time to come, and as fast as the three months' men are mustered out, their places will be taken by the six months' men, so that the force on the borders will be sufficient for months to come, to meet any emergency which may arise. In addition to this, many of the companies, and even some of the regiments about to be mustered out, have resolved to preserve their organization. Adjutant General Russell will issue arms to all such as had the arms of the United States, so that by this arrangement the State will have a force of at least twelve or fifteen thousand men, who can be summoned to the field in any emergency, and who will be ready equipped and disciplined for immediate action.

THE HAMBURG EXHIBITION.—The all-absorbing nature of the war prevented our Government and people from taking that interest in the International Exhibition at Hamburg which they would, no doubt, otherwise have shown. Yet the United States, though but very imperfectly represented on the occasion, have made a very favorable impression with such specimens of their industry and invention as were contributed to the fair. The show of stock was the largest made in modern times—there being four thousand entries—and in this department a Mr. Campbell, of Vermont, took three premiums on his sheep, two of the first-class, while in the display of reaping machines the American (McCormick) thrashed all the nations and walked off with the golden medal. Mr. Wright, the United States Commissioner, writing from Hamburg, says: "I regret that our people have taken so little interest in this exhibition. Never, never was there such an opening for American skill and industry. We have not a thousand articles on exhibition, and but one specimen of stock."

PAROLE OF PRISONERS.—The Richmond Enquirer tries to shuffle out of the parole at Vicksburg, by which over 30,000 rebels were released to return to their own territory till exchanged, and pretends to find a pretext in the refusal of General Meade to recognize parole on the battle field during the contest. The two cases are essentially different. General Grant paroled the prisoners at Vicksburg under a regular capitulation by Pemberton, and the parole was accepted by the commanding officer. The rebels are in such straits to supply their immense losses at Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Gettysburg, that some such trick as this may yet be resorted to in order to fill their decimated ranks. The intention of the Enquirer's article is evidently to throw open the door to its consideration.

THE DRAFTED MEN. As many inquiries are made as to the course to be pursued by drafted men, we would inform them that the Provost Marshal must cause to be served a notice upon the drafted man to report, and that a reasonable time will in all cases be allowed to make proof of claim for exemption, so that no one need move in the matter until he has received this notice. Should the claim for exemption be disallowed, he still has the right to procure a substitute, or pay the $300. Should any drafted person deposit his $300 with the Receiver, and be subsequently exempted, the money will be returned.

LIBERIAN COMMERCE.—Among the recent arrivals at New York is the bark John J. Philbrick, from Liberia, with forty thousand gallons of palm oil, twenty tons of sugar, and two thousand pounds of coffee. The cargo is owned by Mr. C. L. De Raudemie, a colored citizen and merchant of Bassa Cove, Liberia, who came in the vessel. The John J. Philbrick is intended to continue in the African trade, and to sail under the Liberian flag. Such a fact as this is a powerful illustration of the wisdom and benevolence of colonization, both in relation to Africa and our own country.

IMPORTATION OF MULES.—A cargo of one hundred and sixty-five mules from Montevideo—the first ever imported into this country from that port—reached New York on Monday, in the ship Leonidas. During a passage of fifty-seven days, but six of the mules died. The casualties of the war have made such havoc among horses, and so raised their price, that it has become absolutely necessary to get a cheaper supply of mules to perform the necessary labor of the country.

CONDEMNED.—Suspension bridges have recently been condemned entirely by the French Commission of Roads and Bridges, and orders have been issued for the removal of the only one now remaining over the Seine at Paris. It is to be replaced by a bridge of solid masonry, which is now in course of construction.

VALUABLE LEGACY.—The whole Theological library of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune, amounting to several thousand volumes, some of which are exceedingly rare and valuable, has been transferred, agreeably to his will, to the General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, for the use of the Theological Seminary.

THE DRAFT IN DELAWARE.—The enrollment in Delaware makes the number of first-class conscripts 10,780, of which 8,181 are white and 2,599 colored. The second class has not been consolidated, and the number has not been ascertained. The quota of the State will not exceed 1000 or 1200. The work of drafting will be commenced this or the coming week.

SECRETARY CHASE has gone to Newport, R. I., where, it is said, he will give away his daughter, Miss Kate Chase, in marriage to Ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, now United States Senator from that State. Assistant Secretary Harrington discharges the duty of Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Chase's absence.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The new *Chesnut Street Theatre*, which was open all last week to full houses, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, to witness Mrs. John Wood in the popular "Pocahontas," is closed for the present week, to get ready for the Ravels, which commence an engagement here on Monday evening of next week.

Senorita Gubas commences her fall and winter starring tour at the *Walnut Street Theatre*, opening September 7th, and remaining four weeks.

Mr. Edwin Adams, the popular young American actor, intends starring it next season.

Miss Adelina Patti demands $600 a night for her next engagement at Paris, and the new manager (M. Bagier) does not appear willing to make so heavy a contract. There is not much doubt, however, but that the affair will be arranged.

Miss Adelaide Phillips has had a most successful season in opera at Lille and Amiens, and is about to sail for the United States on a short visit. She expects to return, to sing this winter at Paris and Madrid. The reception of Miss Phillips at most of the places she has thus far appeared at in Europe has been such as to create for her a position in the front rank of living artists; and as her name is now known to the public, she will hereafter find the leading opera managers eager to obtain her services.

Signor Blitz, the world-renowned magician, revived an old trick at Groton, Mass., on the 23d ult, never by him performed but once before. The audience was small, but very select. As the trick is one that we will probably never again attempt, especial care was taken to make it an entire success. He, on the day named, married Miss Helen E. Eaton, a very accomplished lady of that place. The happy couple have already returned to the home of the merry Signor in this city.

The New York Times thinks that Mr. Macready, the tragedian, is not dead; but the death of Mr. William Mulready, the artist, has led to the mistake, in consequence of the similarity of names.

NEWS AND NOTINGS OF THE WEEK.

☞ A love for fun is a perennial source of joy and good cheer.

☞ Love is the soul's longing for the Good, the Beautiful and the True.

☞ President Lincoln's Petition—Grant U. S. more victories im-*Meade*-diately.

☞ Persons who dare not trust others usually are not to be trusted.

☞ The interjections of joy and sorrow require but the transposing of an aspiration.

☞ The memory of having been happy is happiness itself.

☞ Sorrow and sentiment are represented by a colossal tear upon a tombstone.

☞ What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt? Got a fresh one.

☞ All meed of glory to the glorious Meade of the Potomac army! joyfully exclaims Prentice.

☞ "Pa, what is meant by raw recruits?" "It means soldiers who have not stood fire, child."

☞ The Deseret News says one of the sharpest Judges that have been sent out there is Judge Shaver.

☞ In Beverly there are three "citizens of color" and all of them were conscripted on Friday week.

☞ The Richmond Whig announces the arrival of Pierre Soule at Charleston by steamer from Nassau.

☞ Gen. Smith, of Gen. Grant's army says that 25,000 tons of iron have been thrown into Vicksburg during the siege.

☞ Of the 900 horses taken from Vermont in the cavalry regiment, eighteen months ago, only 108 remain in the regiment.

☞ Mackerel went up two dollars a barrel, and codfish in proportion, when the news of the Tacony's "raid" on the fishing fleet arrived.

☞ The Louisville Journal says Meade and Grant are great financiers. They raised the value of greenbacks 11 per cent in two days.

☞ The President has pardoned Rudolph Blumenbere, who was convicted of perjury in his justification as a surety.

☞ Though the poor man's purse is penniless, he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as if it were filled with eagles.

☞ B. Montague, a government horse inspector, has been furnished quarters in the Old Capitol prison on a charge of receiving bribes for passing worthless horses.

☞ He who maintains that the world is growing worse and worse, gives evidence that it is not the better for his having lived in it, and besides that he is growing old.

☞ The horse, "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at a sale, is now offered for sale, with the additional guaranty that "he will not move without whipping."

☞ Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as the nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

☞ A Mrs. Mary Seille lately returned to New York after a term of two years' service in the 41st regiment of that State, her husband being a member of the corps.

☞ The Troy Whig says sound travels with different degrees of velocity. A call for dinner will run over a 10-acre lot in 1½ minutes, while a summons to work will take from 5 to 10 minutes.

☞ "Sam, why don't you talk to massa and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" "What for? What de use of laaying up de treasures where he never see 'em again?"

☞ Since this war began we have lost 37 Generals by death, 26 of whom were killed in battle, or died by reason of casualties; and in addition 61 generals have been wounded and recovered.

☞ The Providence Journal says a "Lucky Man" in the modern interpretation, means a man who got enrolled in two districts and drafted in both. There are two or three such cases.

☞ A newspaper editor in the interior of Wisconsin, who recently perpetrated matrimony, appended to the announcement the following: "Cards issued upon short notice at $3 a thousand."

☞ A Mr. Reed of this city was drowned at Atlantic city, last week, while bathing. At the same time another young man was taken from the surf in an insensible condition, but was resuscitated by the application of restoratives.

☞ The N. Y. Independent defines the word "rhodomontade" to signify "a boastful way of talking," and says that it was derived from Rodomante, a boisterous character in "Orlando Furioso."

☞ Nine thousand dogs are annually registered in St. Louis. The registry for the present year has already reached seven thousand. Probably at least three thousand dogs go unregistered—making a canine total of about twelve thousand.

☞ Prentice finds in Humphrey Marshall's obesity a never failing butt for jocose allusion. "We should think," says the inveterate wag, "Humphrey Marshall would have to march slow. He looks as if it would be a heavy task to fetch up his rear."

☞ Paris is described as still buoyant over "glorious news from Mexico," and there is not only the Puebla rose, but there is to be a Puebla bouvelard, a Puebla war ship, a Puebla saddle horse, and very likely a Duke de Puebla.

☞ It cannot be that any very large supplies of the groceries carried away from Pennsylvania by Lee's army have as yet reached Richmond, since coffee is still selling there at $4 50 per pound, and tea and sugar at corresponding-ly high prices.

☞ Racing has become the fashionable amusement in France under the second Empire, and the great ambition is to rival the English on their own ground. Already the splendor and elegance of the company and equipages at these meetings beat anything to be seen in England on similar occasions. Fontainebleau is to become a second, but not a second-rate Ascott.

☞ The attempt to set Mrs. Beecher Stowe's sensation novel to "the light fantastic toe" was a failure. "Bianchi e Negri," the ballet based on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was danced *one night* only at Her Majesty's in London. We now read that "Le Cabina de Tom," a drama founded on the same work, is nightly performed at the Teatro Ballon, in Cadiz, with immense success, and that it is a great favorite there.

☞ There were 413 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 15 were adults and 189 children. There were 36 from consumption of the lungs; 103 from cholera infantum; 29 from convulsions; 23 from debility; 3 from scarlet fever; 8 from typhoid fever; 12 from inflammation of the brain; 8 from inflammation of the lungs; 4 from inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 18 from marasmus; 3 from old age; 11 from dysenter and 31 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers, 47.

☞ Our English "friends" are fond of picking motes out of Brother Jonathan's eyes, regardless of the big beams that are so prominent in those of Brother Bull. Here, for example, is the way of "beam." A late London Examiner says:

"A court martial assembled on board Her Majesty's Ship Victory, at Portsmouth harbor, on Tuesday morning, to try Charles Thomas, an able seaman, for that he on the 27th May last, did behave in an insubordinate manner, and did use offensive and threatening language towards John Webb, boatswain of Her Majesty's ship Cruiser, while proceeding in a boat to Her Majesty's ship Cruiser.

"From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the prisoner had been on leave to get married, and on the expiration of his leave he was to return to his ship (the Plumper) by a liberty boat, which left shore at 8 o'clock, but on his arrival at the starting point, ten minutes before this time, he found he was too late, the boat, under the orders of Webb, having already gone. This annoyed him, and being (as he said in his defence) a little under the influence of liquor at the time, he certainly did use bad language to Webb when he met him, but although the language was very disgusting in its nature, it seemed to be nothing more than the sudden ebullition of passion. The court adjudged the prisoner to be reduced to the second class for misconduct, *to receive 48 lashes, to be imprisoned in Winchester jail, and be discharged from Her Majesty's service with disgrace.*"

The West Sussex Gazette, alluding to this case, incidentally mentions another of equal or more atrocity. It is that of a lad who had obtained leave of absence at Plymouth. He fell in with evil company, and did not return in time to his ship. The hue and cry was put into operation, and the lad was captured. The court martial sentenced him *to live on board his ship for fifteen years, without going ashore. The lad heard the sentence, went below to his hammock, and hung himself!*

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion. Being a course of Twelve Lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1862, by John Tyndall, F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

These lectures are by the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. Their design is to bring the rudiments of a new philosophy within the reach of persons of ordinary intelligence and culture. The first seven lectures treat of *Theoretic Heat*; its generation and consumption in mechanical processes, etc. The remaining five lectures treat of *Radiant Heat*: the intersteller medium and the propagation of motion through this medium; the relations of radiant heat to ordinary matter in its several states of aggregation; terrestrial, lunar and solar radiation; the constitution of the sun; the possible sources of his energy; the relation of this energy to terrestrial forces and to vegetable and animal life. The lectures are freely illustrated, and as they are full of experiments described in the conversational tone of the lecturer, there is an interest that is really fascinating about them. The most readable chapters of this book are that on which the winds are treated of and that in which the sun is discussed, and his constitution and the sources of his energy are described. Professor Tyndall says the sun would burn out, unless its waste by emission was repaired, and this waste he supposes to be made by the fall of asteroids upon the sun, not so much bringing new matter to the sun, as adding to the heat of that body by the caloric produced and developed by the impact. The discussion is singular and novel. It is, however, the necessary sequence and result of the teachings of the previous lectures, and many, perhaps all of the conclusions are accepted by modern science. We commend this volume very strongly to teachers and scholars. It is a mine of wealth to the lecturer. It is a source of profound delight to the general reader. It will afford pleasure to the philosopher.

Light. By Helen Mode. New York: D Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This is an interesting and well written story of a life embittered by infidelity, arrested in its godless course by the sudden death of the object of its dearest attachment, and finally brought to a saving knowledge of the truth and to the full presence of the Light. There is a pious lady who refuses to marry this rich infidel because he has no faith, but who finally, after his trials and his change of life, becomes his wife. The plot of the story is overlaid and surrounded by a mass of characters who speak and act their several parts after their respective and peculiar styles. The novel would pleasantly while away a few hours.

A Manual of Devotions. By George Upfold D D, LL. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. W. P Hazard: Philadelphia.

This volume will commend itself to a very great number of readers. It is a hand edition of prayers for domestic and private use, which embody great devotional fervor in the choicest diction.

Hewe's Historical Shakspeare. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This is a reprint, the original of which was published sixteen years ago, with the hope of making Shakspeare the "text book" for schools. The Historical or chronicle plays of Shakspeare have been chosen as best adapted to the purpose and the present publication is an entire success. The whole is carefully expurgated and revised, with introductory and explanatory notes. The plays selected from are King John, Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Richard III and Henry VIII.

Ellsworth's New System of Penmanship, comprising a primary black board chart of letters, a series of sixty-six copy slips, a series of eight copy books, and a text book for teachers. Published by Appleton, and sold in this city by W. P. Hazard.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Later from Charleston.

NEW YORK, August 3.—The steamer Fulton, from Port Royal, with dates to the 31st ult., arrived during the night. Her officers report the siege of Fort Wagner still progressing. Gen. Gillmore has mounted a number of 200 pound siege guns within one mile of Fort Sumter. He is confident of reducing both Sumter and Fort Wagner in a short time.

The Beaufort New South says:—"Just as we go to press, it is reported that Gen. Rosecrans is within thirty miles of Savannah."

NEW YORK, August 3.—A private letter received in this city, dated July 29, says:—"I went yesterday to Block Island and made a reconnoissance from the tallest trees there. Block Island is between James Island and Morris Island, distant about a thousand yards. I saw they were erecting a line of batteries and building rifle pits almost the entire distance from Fort Johnson to Secessionville along the river. I could look over into Charleston and see what was going on there quite plainly."

Important from Washington.

THE EXIGENCIES PASSED—THE ORDER FOR 100,000 SIX MONTH'S TROOPS REVOKED.

WASHINGTON, August 3.—The following order was issued to day from the Adjutant General's office:

"The exigencies under which one hundred thousand militia, for the six months' service, from the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, were called out by the President's proclamation June 15th, 1863, having passed, it is hereby ordered by the President that, on and after the promulgation of this order, no more enlistments under the said call shall be made. By order of the Secretary of War.

E D TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

The Draft in Washington

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The drafting for the District of Columbia commenced this morning. A large crowd was in attendance and was remarkably orderly. Intense interest is everywhere manifested in the result.

The Prize Steamer Planter.

NEW YORK, August 3.—The prize steamer Planter, which was captured off Moultrie, has arrived here with 755 bales of cotton and 125 barrels of turpentine aboard.

The Prize Steamer Banshee.

BOSTON, Aug. 3.—The ship Banshee, a prize to the steamer Niphon, arrived at this port to day.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, August 2, 1863.

There is but little "life" left in the city, these warm days, after three o'clock, P. M. As soon as the banks close, many of the merchants shut up their counting-rooms and betake themselves to the rural districts, or the sea-shore, to enjoy the society of their families and the *dolce far niente*, which no amount of green-backs can purchase in the crowded thoroughfares of the great metropolis. Hence, Wall street, William street, Broad street and all that region, which at other seasons, have their busy throngs, in-doors and out, till near sundown, are just now as dull and dreamy as the brain of a modern philosopher. Here and there is a "lame duck" on the corner anxious to know "how stocks left off," and on the steps of the Produce Exchange the eye lights on the seedy figures of a few earnest inquirers after "the price of pork"—but these are the mere nobodies of the Rialto—the shells on the shore when the tide is out. Every body that is anybody is off, and only the vulgar nobodies, down-town and up town, remain.

It was formally announced, in telegraph despatches from Washington, last week, that the conscription in this city would certainly be renewed, and as there is other evidence of a local character in support of that announcement, there has been naturally no little excitement and uneasiness to-day among what are commonly known as "the dangerous classes." There is a great deal of inflammatory, if not incendiary and treasonable talk, but the consciousness that should words ripen into works the military will be more than a match for the most powerful mob, is likely to restrain, even Mackerelville from renewing the perilous experiment of setting aside the law by force of arms. In regard to the available troops at the service of the city, State and Federal Governments it may be stated that their number is not far from *ten thousand*, of which fully one thousand are cavalry. The proportion of Federal troops, subject to the orders of General Dix, is probably not more than two thousand actually in the city, but there are on Governor's Island four or five times as many more within call, if need be, with an abundance of excellent artillery to back them. There is no reason to believe that there is any essential difference of opinion between the executive commanders of these State and Federal troops as to how they shall act in case of an emergency. It is believed they will act in concert; but the Federal forces will not be called into action unless the others are unable to suppress disturbances.

I could go on and devote a whole column to the reports that are current respecting the alleged extensive organizations in every ward to resist the draft; but, as these reports will either be refuted or substantiated by the "progress of events" during the next few days, I forbear. I may add, however, that much regret is expressed that the announcement of the renewal of the draft was made in Saturday's papers. It has given the evil disposed opportunity to talk it over to-day and to perfect their plans for resistance, if any such are under consideration.

The Washington telegraph announces that orders to the wheel within an earnestness that certainly indicates a determination to raise their quota within the thirty days' grace allowed them, without resorting to the draft. Enormous bounties have been offered by the Common Council, and the same increased by liberal private subscriptions—amounting in the aggregate to nearly $800 for every man that enlists. Many men are going over from New York to take advantage of these heavy bounties.

The Supreme Court on Saturday (full bench) decreed that City Judge McCunn has no power to issue writs of habeas corpus. This decision restrains McCunn from carrying out his published determination, to grant writs of habeas corpus to every person drawn under the conscription bill, which he had formally decreed to be unconstitutional.

The investigation of the circumstances attending the death of the negro Williams, hung by the mob, in Leroy street on the 14th ult., terminated on Saturday, in a verdict fixing the crime upon Edward Canfield, James Lamb and John McAllister, all of whom were accordingly committed to prison to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Bearers of despatches from the British and French Legations at Washington are on board the Cunard steamer Persia, which sailed for Liverpool to-day, though the passenger search do not appear in the passenger lists furnished to the newspapers. They did not reach Jersey City until within half an hour of the steamer's departure, though the agents were previously apprised by telegraph that the messengers were *en route*. The Persia has on board 190 passengers, among whom are Hon. N. Melville, Robert Hoe, Jr., of this city; Rev. John W. Norris and Rev. Mr. Quinn, of this (R. C.) diocese, and Mrs. H. W. Luders, R. D Cullen and R. Wylie, Philadelphians. The specie on freight amounts to $186 654, much less than anticipated.

In the Court of Common Pleas, last Thursday, the injuction restraining the Harlem Railroad Company from laying rails in Madison avenue was dissolved. Steps will now at once be taken by the Company to go on with the work, but it will probably be again arrested by further injunctions.

The number of immigrants arriving at this port for the week ending Aug. 4, is 4168, a total of 86,509 since the 1st of January. As compared with the same time last year, this shows an increase of 42 000.

One hundred and seventeen conscripts from Connecticut, arrived here last Friday, by the steamer Continental. The boat had no sooner touched the wharf, however, than forty of them made their escape, some by slipping by the guard, and others by dropping down through the water closet into the river and swimming to the wharf.

The steam-ships sailing from this port Saturday were the City of London, for Liverpool, and the Hansa for Southampton and Bremen. They take out an aggregate of 150 passengers, and $300,000 in specie, on freight.

One day last week, two men, named respectively John Hunt and Salvator Allira, engaged in an angry discussion as to who was the best boxer. A scuffle ensued during which the latter drew a knife and plunged it to the heart, killing him instantly. The murderer made his escape, and has not, as yet, been arrested.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season, as compared with corresponding time last year:

ROADS.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Incr'se	Decr'e
Reading.....	68,950	1,874,723	1,368,022	566,701	.....
Schuyl N..	24,813	375,652	476,525	.....	100,103
Lehigh N.	23,528	3 3,353	216,253	86,832	.....
Lehigh V..	25,039	752,214	437,644	314,570	.....
Del. & L..	22,937	628,668	855,779	71,229	.....
Del. & H..	28,758	344,104	159,151	184,953	.....
Pa. C. Co..	23,407	257,438	160,482	96,956	.....
Shamokin..	2,823	130,307	110,349	19,988	.....
Broad Top	8,931	172,041	187,948	.....	8,037
Lyken's V.	4,273	49,953	80,854	.....	30,940
Trevorton	1,004	33,507	33,510	37	.....
Totals...	271,663	4,968,064	3,743,583	1,337,923	143,159

The coal tonnage for the last week shows an increase over that last week reported of some sixteen thousand tons. The most striking feature in the weekly returns is the very heavy tonnage of the Reading Railroad—closely approaching 70,000 tons. The tonnage for the year is nearly five millions of tons, against less than three and three-quarter millions to the same time last year—the increase, as exactly given by the figures, is 1,244,482 tons. Active as the trade is, there is little or no accumulation of coal at the grand depots, and prices are firmly maintained. Indeed, the prices realized at the public sales of Scranton coal point very conclusively to the fact of an active market to the end of the season.

We see it stated in the New York Express that the entire interest of Forrey Brothers in the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad has been purchased by Commodore Vanderbilt. A man of the means and influence of the indomitable "Commodore" may give to this new enterprise a value and importance in railroad history in New Jersey that it has not hitherto possessed. We passed over its entire length a few days since, and found the track and equipments in much better condition than we had expected. The running time from this city to Long Branch, about 88 miles, was a little less than four hours, including all stoppages. The cars are new and very comfortable, and the roadway, though not balanced, is tolerably even. The region of country through which the road runs is, for about 50 or 60 miles of the distance, the most barren and uninteresting waste of white sand and scrub oaks that can be found east of the Allegheny Mountains. As an outlet for local freight the road will, no doubt, prove a great convenience; and if the law allows it to carry through freight, it may be rendered productive. As an evidence that its proprietors purpose continuing it in operation, the site, about midway, is selected for the erection of a machine shop, a miniature "Altoona," and the work has been already commenced.

—Mr. McGrath, the State Treasurer, on the 1st, superintended the payment of the semi-annual interest on the State debt, at the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, in this city. The amount of interest payable is $57,000 on transferable bonds, and $61,000 in coupons. About one-half of the debt is held abroad and on foreign account. The whole amount of the interest will be paid in coin.

—The following list of quotations are based mainly on the operations of Monday, and on the reported sales nearest to that date, being carefully prepared and corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

| LOANS. | Par Bid | Ask | |

[Read before the Alumni of the Friends' Yearly Meeting School, at the annual meeting at Newport, R. I., 15th Sixth month, 1863:]

IN WAR TIME.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Once more, dear friends, you meet beneath
A clouded sky;
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And on the sweet spring airs, the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance;
The Eternal order circles round,
And wave and storm find mete and bound
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and phrase:
A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boasts of full corn in the ear
By others sown;

To see us stir the martyr fires
Of long ago:
And wrap our sainted desires
In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid,
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last
Is calling down
An answer in the whirlwind blast,
The thunder and the shadow cast
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth?
Have we been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth?

How faint, through din of merchandise
And count of gain,
Has seemed to us the captives' cries!
How far away the tears and sighs
Of souls in pain!

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all;
We hear, amidst our peaceful homes,
The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain: the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws,
Through patient pain.

The level grn, the battle brand,
We may not take;
But calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land,
For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain?
Shall we alone
Be left to add our gain to gain,
When over Armageddon's plain
The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to serve;
Save in our Lord,
The rigid lines of law shall curve
To spare us; from our heads shall swerve
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief;
Divine compensations come;
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom,
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,
By word and deed,
The widow in her fatherless distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed!

For fields of duty, opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried:
The slave is ours!

Ours by traditional darkand old,
Which makes the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold,
And each of us free born in the mould
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors
Where strong men pine,
And, down the groaning corridors,
Pour freely from our liberal stores
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The test ne's wheron His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand!
Nor stint, nor stay;
The years have never dropped their sand
On moral issue yet stand grand
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross!

THE FARMER.

[☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

EDUCATION.

I am aware that this title will not suit some, especially that class who despise all "book larning;" but such need not read this article unless they choose to. I have been quite interested in some articles on the education of farmers which have appeared in the "Newspaper" from time to time, and consider them good, as far as they go, but as they have all left out what I deem the most important part, viz: the business education of farmers, the object of this is to add to what has been said. The question may now arise in the minds of some—how should a person be educated according to my ideas on the subject? I answer that every person should have a good sound common school training. It is a positive fact that our common schools are about the only ones that can be relied upon for the education of youth, that there the first ideas of knowledge are obtained, and the child is fitted for after-life, at least it is so with the majority in this county. All this is very plain, but what I am coming at now, may not be. It requires as much of a business man to carry on a farm successfully as it does to make a good merchant or any other business man, and in order to be such he must have that kind of an education. After leaving the common school, if they can can afford it, and wished to, they can go through college, but after they have been to the expense of a thousand or two dollars, they may be hardly or no better, but they can't do business, or write a business letter, and do it up handsome to save themselves. This will apply to all. I would have them then attend the best business college in the country, and take a three or four months' course, at a cost not to exceed one hundred dollars. But some may say, *that* is where book-keepers, merchants, &c., get their training. Very true. But it will apply to the farmers profession just as well, and better too. Book-keeping is taught there, and what is more important than to keep books systematically? But, says one, I always manage to keep mine at some rate or other. All very true; but what farmer can tell by his ledger, if they have any, just how much he has made from all the different products of the farm, and how much he must sell to this one, or that one, in order to make up such a per cent. of what this field or that one yielded the past two or three years. This would be satisfactory to say the least, and then, if your books are doubleentry, if a mistake occurs you are sure to find it. But this is not the most important part of the course—a person learns how to write business letters in a good manner, and there is not one man in twenty that can write a good business letter. He also learns how to detect counterfeit money—is placed where he learns the ways of the world, and acquires an ease and polish of manners he would not otherwise.

Some will say, What's the use? I answer. When a farmer sells his produce the person buying will be favorably impressed with your appearance if he finds you a gentleman, and one not ignorant of business, and may send others to you. Why is it that we farmers do not pay more attention to education, the fine arts and *civility?* Brother farmers, be gentlemen; it don't cost anything, and when you walk, it is just as easy to walk graceful as to "lop gait" along. Because you are farmers, do not act as if you were ashamed of yourselves, but do right and act like men, improve the intellect, and soon the profession will be looked upon as the noblest. I am aware that I have taken a new ground of argument and am ready to discuss the matter and answer any or all questions through the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper."

H. S. S.

Middle Granville, N. Y., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SUNDRY SUGGESTIONS.

A Remedy for the Melon Bug.

In a recent number of the "New England Farmer" the Editor states that a gentleman who has had much experience in raising melons, has informed him that the best thing to keep bugs from the vine is sulphur, one tablespoonful; yellow snuff, one tablespoonful; Cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful; ground mustard, one tablespoonful. The whole to be mixed with half a pint of flour, and applied to the plants when they are moist.

This, we should expect, would prove quite effectual in preventing the depredations of the striped bug, not only upon melons, but also upon cucumbers, squashes, &c., as the smell of the sulphur and snuff, and the taste of the pepper and mustard are likely to be quite too much for this little pest. But we should prefer first to make a trial of the remedy prescribed in the "Dollar Newspaper" of June 16th, namely, a solution of hen manure in water, as we have succeeded on several occasions with a similar solution of cow-dung, with a little tansy tea or infusion of quassia or wormwood thrown in. We would prefer the solution of hen manure to even that which we have found quite effectual, as it would not require any addition of tansy or other bitter substance, and would be, of course, more easily prepared. Both taste and smell would be sufficiently repulsive in the case of the hen manure solution; and then it has an additional recommendation, in the fact that it must be one of the very best of fertilizers, and must promote the luxuriant growth of the vines.

There have been upwards of a dozen remedies proposed for the striped bug, and all of them seem to act by virtue of their offensiveness either in taste or smell.

D.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OUT WEST.

Good morning, sir; you rested well. I see you are not quite so dusty as you were yesterday. Here is some genuine currant wine of my own manufacture, which will help your dryness admirably. We drink temperately out West here, that is, we take a very little of something that is genuine.

"If people would only be as temperate in everything, and especially in politics." Don't introduce politics at breakfast, for it is sure to produce indigestion.

But there is the carriage, and the ladies already in waiting for us. They have prepared a nice lunch for us, and Jim has put in the fishing tackle, so we are all ready to make a day of it. "Never went fishing with ladies?" I dare say you did not, but it will be few trout that they will catch, although we could not dispense with their company, you know, or their services either.

There was quite a "smart chance of rain" fell last night, and with this cool prairie breeze we will get along admirably. Here is a farm two miles long and one mile wide, that belongs to your humble servant. When a man gets out his team to plow around this field, it is like staring on a journey. It is six miles around the outside of the field, and not a stone or stick in the whole of it.

There lives an old lady who has a bed of *chicory*, which she cultivates the same as beets, and when browned in an oven, and pulverized, it is a great saving to use a portion of it with coffee. She also uses strawberry leaves for tea. If gathered when young and green, and dried in the sun, they make an excellent substitute, very much resembling tea. Stop here on this rising ground and look around. Flowers of every color and hue, smoky atmosphere, waving grape, prairie snipe, sand-hill cranes—all these things will amuse you at first very much. There goes the striped gopher, the farmer's pest at planting time. How lively he is as he darts along through the grass. Now he stops and sits up on his hind feet like a dog, and is not frightened at all now, for he is within two inches of the hole that leads to his den. How bright his eyes are, and on the least alarm he heels twinkle in the air for an instant and he is gone. The boys often drown them out by pouring water into the holes, and catch them with their hands when they come out; but sometimes they "catch a tartar" if Mr. snake happens to have taken up his abode there. I once saw a snake with part of his body in a hole, his head sticking out about six inches, charming a gopher, which was jumping up all around his snakeship's head, but I came upon the parties before I was aware of the entertainment, and accidentally broke the charm, and put a stop to his diabolical work.

On the right of this old Galena road, and as far as the eye can extend, is one continued stretch of prairie, and those irregular patches that look so much like flower beds, or vegetable gardens, are farms so far distant that they look like small gardens.

Belmont and Platville mounds, distant about twenty-five miles, look from here like good sized hay stacks, or it is easy to imagine ourselves at sea, and those mounds the distant headlands, and the rolling surface the swells of the ocean. We will now leave the prairie and turn into this oak opening, and follow this road that leads to a branch of Blue River, in which trout abounds. We will leave the ladies here in the shade and try our luck. Take this pole and line, the worm is on the hook—softly, not so fast—creep up behind those shrubs, for trout are as wild as deer, and you must use the same caution. Now drop the hook gently over the knoll into the running stream, and as soon as it touches the water, if starts off on races, you can pull it in gently, and land a fine trout on the bank. This is the farmer's sport.

J. C. N.

Iowa county, Wis., July, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philad.]

RECIPES.

TO CLEAN LOOKING-GLASSES.—*Bradford co., Pa.*—Take a newspaper, dip it into water mixed with a few drops of spirits of wine, and let it remain a few moments, wring it out as you would a sponge, then let it partially dry, and rub the face of the glass carefully from top to bottom, taking care the water does not run down in streams. Let it remain a few moments, then go over it again with a dry newspaper, folded small in the hand, till it looks clear and bright. Window glass may also be cleaned in this manner. In winter time, if the windows be washed in this manner with alcohol instead of water, it will prevent the accumulation of ice, arising from condensed steam. If looking-glasses and looking-glass frames be rubbed over with kerosine oil it will prevent their being soiled by flies.

TO REMOVE GREASE.—Housekeepers often find it very difficult to remove stains or grease spots from ribbons, silks, gloves, and other delicate articles. While they would know how to proceed in the case of large articles, as blankets, cloaks and the like, they are puzzled what to do with smaller ones. The following receipt will answer for the most delicate article. Take oil of camphor, wet a clean white rag and rub the article gently; let it remain a few moments, then take a fresh rag and repeat the process. Continue so doing until the grease has disappeared, which will be soon. Expose to the open air to remove the turpentine odor, or rub with Cologne water or strong spirits of wine. The color of the article will remain uninjured.

ATHALIA.

TO BUTTER MAKERS.—As this is the season of the year when those engaged in the dairy business are much troubled by a small fly (well known to housekeepers) getting in their milk and cream, I offer the following simple and efficacious remedy for the removal of the annoyance. Take the leaves of the elder bush, (very common in most localities,) and hang them in several places about your milk room or vault, renewing them as they become old and wilted. You will find yourself rid of a disagreeable vexation, at but small expense of time and trouble. Try it!

G. J.

KEEPING HAM.—It is rather out of season for a receipt like this, but it may be acceptable to some at another time, and I will give it. Cut off in slices, put in a pan or jar, as most convenient. To each layer of the meat pour on warm lard; be sure that it is not hot, as it will soak into the meat if hot, and destroy the flavor which we are so anxious to preserve. I can assure you that ham will be as fresh for months after as when first cut off, having tried it myself.

TOMATOES.—It is nearly time for ripe tomatoes, and perhaps some of our lady readers would like to learn one of the many ways in which they may be prepared for winter use. Pare and cut in slices, lay in a jar, and cover each layer of tomatoes with a thin layer of sugar, fill your jar full, set away in a warm place, when it will ferment; after which cover tight and set away. They are very nice put up in this way, much better, in my estimation, than when stewed.

DESSERT RECEIPTS.—*Floating Island.*—Take one quart of milk, put it on the fire with a few pieces of stick cinnamon. Beat the yolks of six eggs very light; add sugar to your taste. When the milk boils, pour it slowly on the egg, then put all back on the fire, stirring constantly until the thickness of cream. Be very careful not to let the custard boil. Pour out to cool; then take the six whites and place on the ice until time to beat for the float. Mash a full cup of raspberries with powdered sugar, and when the eggs are beaten stiff, then whip them in the the fruit, or, if you have none in the winter, take jelly.

CURRANT GROUT.—To one teacup of rice well cooked and dried, add one teacup of currant juice, sweeten the whole to your taste; put it over the fire and let it cook ten minutes. Then put it in a mould to cool. Eat it with cream and nutmeg.

TO MAKE BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is a recipe which was given at a late meeting of the Farmers' Club, New York, by Mr. R. G. Peardee, for making blackberry wine:—"Add three pounds of refined sugar to each half gallon of pure juice, and one quart of water, and let it ferment and work off freely at the bunghole. Care must be taken to keep the cask full. I would not recommend adding over fifty per cent. of water to the juice of any fruit to make wine. The great fault is over-watering and over-sugaring. Three-fourths of the home-made wine is too thick.

WINE JELLY.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of boiling water, set it on the fire, keep stirring it till the gelatine is dissolved, add the juice of two lemons, sugar to your taste, and Madeira wine enough to make a quart in all; strain it and set it to cool.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—One pound of sugar one pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, and five eggs; a small cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of saleratus, one pound of raisins, one wineglass of wine and another of brandy.

RHUBARB.—Those of our readers who are fond of rhubarb in the various dishes in which it figures, will please make a note of the following rule for sweetening pies, given by a lady who no doubt knew what she was talking about:—"Throw in sugar as long as your conscience will let you, then shut your eyes and throw in one handful more."

MOLASSES BEER.—Six quarts of water, two quarts of molasses, half a pint of yeast, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar; stir all together; add the grated peel of a lemon, and the juice may be substituted for the cream tartar. Bottle after standing ten or twelve hours, with a raisin in each.

HARVEST DRINK.—Mix with five gallons of good water, half a gallon of molasses, one quart of vinegar, two ounces of powdered ginger. This will make not only a pleasant beverage, but one highly invigorating and healthful. *Another.*—Take of the best white Jamacia ginger root, carefully bruised, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; water, six quarts, to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained; to the strained liquor add one pound of the best white sugar, and again place it over the fire; keep it well stirred till the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthen vessel, into which you have previously put two drachms of tartaric acid, and rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a lukewarm temperature; then add a tablespoonful of yeast, stirring them well together and bottle for use. The corks must be well secured. The drink will be in high perfection in four or five days. This is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results even in the hottest weather.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS FRESH.

We find in the Scientific American (good authority) the following directions for preserving hens' eggs fresh for a considerable time. As eggs are not as plentiful in winter as the demand requires; and as it is beyond human ingenuity to make hens lay when they can't or don't want to, it is important to know how to preserve the eggs laid in summer and autumn fresh through the winter; and this in the subjoined directions it is proposed to do:

"However close and compact the shell of an egg may appear to be, it is nevertheless full of minute holes and pores, invisible to the naked eye. The effect of these holes is apparent in the decrease of the moisture of the egg, and the subsequent change in the contents, occasioned by contact with the air. As full as an egg is of meat, is an old saying, but in all stale eggs there is a vacancy proportioned to the loss they have sustained by evaporation. If the end of a fresh egg be applied to the tongue, it feels cold, but in an addled egg it feels warm, because the albumen of the egg, being in contact with the shell, absorbs heat from the tongue more rapidly than the air-bubble in the fresh egg. If the pores of the egg shell be kept closed, the contents must be preserved intact, as no change can occur, and the object is to close this atmospheric connection in the cheapest and simplest manner. Any kind of varnish will answer the purpose in one sense, but will defeat it in another; as eggs, being particularly affected by strong scents, would lose their delicate flavor by the odor of the coating. A better plan would be to employ beef suet or mutton tallow, provided the egg can be kept in a cool place.

"The eggs should be dipped in the fat and afterward wiped off, as any excess of grease over that required to fill the pores, would become rancid. After this the eggs should be set perpendicularly, with the small end uppermost, and packed in a box filled with bran, and tightly covered up. If the egg is laid on its side, the yolk will adhere to the shell. Charcoal finely pulverized is a good substitute for bran, as it is a deodorizer, and will absorb any disagreeable effect that might be perceived from the grease. Some dealers are said to practice dipping their eggs in dilute sulphuric acid. This is a feasible plan, chemically, as the action of the acid on the chalky shell would deposit sulphate of lime in the pores, and thus close the connection. Strong vinegar would doubtless answer as well as vitriol. Eggs acquire an unpleasant odor by coming in contact with strong-smelling substances, such as mahogany saw-dust, lime-water and musty straw; and the greatest care should be observed in having all the materials used each excellent after its kind. It is a common practice to preserve eggs in lime, but they are at best doubtful when so kept, and cannot be praised. An egg is very much like a razor—either excellent or good for nothing; and those who preserve eggs for market would do well to give the above-mentioned recipes a trial."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

SUBSTITUTES FOR COFFEE.—*Belmont, Kent County Del.*—Seeing an inquiry for a substitute to use instead of imported coffee, I not only send one, but several, which I have tried, and find very good:

1. Take small sweet potatoes, wash clean; then cut in pieces about an eighth of an inch in thickness; put out in the sun and dry; then parch as you do imported coffee, using the same quantity in making; and, my word for it, you will have a more delicious and wholesome cup of coffee than if made from imported coffee. If the potatoes are perfectly dried, they will keep for years.

2. Take the vegetable parsnip, wash clean, then cut them in pieces about as large as the coffee berry; put in a moderate oven and bake dry; then parch to a bright brown color, and then use it the same as if imported. This is a very healthy drink, being a vegetable coffee, and is pronounced by experienced judges as being superior to any imported coffee, or any substitute that has ever been offered yet.

3. Take chesnuts; dry well in the sun; then take off the hull, parch a brown color, then use as above. This is an excellent coffee, and persons living where there is an abundance of chesnuts would do well to dry sufficient for their use from one year to another, for, if well dried and parched, they will keep from year to year and not lose their flavor.

4. The seed of the fruit persimmons. When the fruit is ripe gather and pass through a cullender to separate the fruit from the seed; then wash the seed in warm water; then dry in the sun about a week or ten days; then parch a deep brown color; use not quite as much as above, as it will make the drink too strong.

5. Take wheat, pick over carefully, then wash and set in a moderate oven to dry, when well dried, parch a rich brown color, taking care not to burn too much, and you will have a good dish of coffee, if care is taken to parch right. Some mix this with the imported, but I, do not, and consider it better.

6. Take rye, pick, wash and parch the same as wheat, and use about as much in making. These are both good substitutes, being a grain drink.

7. Take light bread crusts and parch them to a dark-brown color; be careful not to burn them black, and use as above. This substitute is within the reach of all.

TO MAKE ESSENCE OF COFFEE.—Take good French molasses; cook it until it is burnt; then put in plates to cool. If you want it pulverized, put in an iron mortar and beat it with an iron pestle; or take one-half the above, and the same quantity of burnt bread crust or crumbs. Some add a small portion of alum, but I do not. This essence is as good as any of the preparations of such high-sounding praise, and less expensive.

This is the age of economy, and all I ask of my sister housekeepers is to try my recipes and then report through the columns of our weekly "Newspaper," and that you may find them good substitutes for imported coffee is the wish of

COUSIN MARY.

WATER FARCEY.—*McConnelsville, Ohio.*—The main object should be to cleanse the blood. Use sassafras root, wild cherry bark or root and burdock root, three pints of each; put in a kettle with two gallons of water; boil to one gallon; give half gallon night and morning for several days, with the cleansing powder, in bran mash, as directed. You need not use different roots every time, but boil the same roots until the strength is all boiled out. Rowl in the breast and hind legs. If they are much swollen move the rowl twice a day. After using the tea and powders for three or four days bleed in the neck, *Directions for Making the Cleansing Powders.*—Take four ounce comfrey root, two ounces laurel berries, two ounces antimony, two ounces sulphur, one ounce saltpetre, two ounces juniper berries, two ounces aniseed, two ounces rosin, three-quarters of an ounce of alum, two ounces copperas, two ounces masterwort and two ounces of cream of tartar. Mix all well to a powder, and give one tablespoonful once a day in bran mash. Keep the horse from cold water six hours after using the powder.

P. S.—"Theta," there are are two kinds of Farcey, Water and Button Farcey.

L. S. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FIRE BLIGHT.

For several years this disease among choice fruit trees, especially the pear and apple, has been increasing its ravages. As to its nature, pomologists do not seem to have arrived at any definite conclusion, and therefore any suggestions as to its cause, although somewhat empirical, by necessity, will doubtless be acceptable to those engaged in horticultural pursuits. After the disease is fairly established no treatment will succeed unless it be the free amputation of the diseased limbs. They should be taken off if possible a couple of inches below the limb of disease. To prevent the return of the affection, I have employed a mixture of slaked lime, wood-ashes and charcoal dust, or wood soot, in about equal parts. When the trees are not much affected, this compost seems to have a remarkable effect, especially with the pear trees. I am particular in applying it to clear all grass away, as far as the roots are likely to extend, and after giving the ground a good coating, to fork it in well.

A.

Morgantown, Va., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

WEEDS.—Can any of the numerous readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" inform me how to keep weeds from out of garden walks without constantly cutting them? Is there no remedy to prevent so much labor? Any information will be thankfully received by

COUSIN MARY.

WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

A little child dwelt on the flowing sea,
And her home was the home of poverty;
She ran with bare feet o'er the golden sands,
And gathered shells with her small, brown hands.

Gay strangers came in rich robes dight,
But the little maiden shunned their sight;
And shaking her curls o'er her blushing face,
Sped away like a fawn that flies the chase.

When the strangers were gone, said the mother mild,
"What was it dismayed thee, my darling child?"
"O, mother, my feet were bare and brown,
I had no bonnet, and then—this gown!"

She held up the skirt of her faded frock,
Sadly rent by the jagged rock;
And she said, with a deep and long drawn sigh,
"Will I have such dresses as they by-and-by?"

Her mother smiled with a grave, sweet grace,
As she smoothed the curls from the half-grieved face,
And said, "When our ship comes in from the sea,
You shall have garments and all things free.'

"When our ship comes in," said the little one,
And away to the high rock she run,
And watched, till night-shadows dimmed the shore,
For the freighted ship and its treasured store.

Long and often she watched in vain,
No ship to her sailed over the main.
How many watchers in life there be,
For the ship that never comes o'er the sea!

THE REBELLION.

OPERATIONS AGAINST CHARLESTON.

REBEL ACCOUNTS.

THE SUMTER GUARDS FIRED UPON BY A NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

[From the Charleston Mercury, July 20.]

Saturday last was a day which will be forever memorable in the history of Charleston. The heavy rains had moderated the excessive heat of the preceding fortnight, the morning sky was cloudless, and the light breeze scarcely ruffled the placid waters of the harbor.

BOMBARDMENT OF BATTERY WAGNER.

About eight o'clock the desultory cannonade with which the experience of a week had made our community familiar, was again heard. For nearly three hours the enemy's fire was maintained with the usual deliberation; but about eleven o'clock it was noticed that the reports came in far more rapid succession. By noon it became well understood that the foe was resolved to subject our position to an ordeal much more severe than any which, up to that time, it had encountered.

At that hour, as we learn by accounts from Morris Island, the converging fire of the enemy against the battery had become truly fearful. Five Monitors, the Ironsides frontlines, seven wooden gunboats, with the land batteries which the Yankees had thrown up on the lower part of the island, kept up a constant rain of shot and shell into our works. No less than sixty-five heavy guns and eight mortars are known to have been in play against us. At one time, so rapid were the reports, that the number was twenty-seven per minute. One of the Monitors by northeast of Battery Wagner, and two to the southeast, while the others, with the Ironsides, kept a position nearly opposite the sea face of the battery. The wooden gunboats maneuvered at some distance outside the line of turreted monsters, relying chiefly upon their long-ranged rifled siege guns. There were two Yankee batteries on Morris Island—one, consisting of two guns and a mortar, was located at Craig's Hill, within about eight hundred yards of our battery; the other was beyond Graham's House, and had an armament of eight rifled shell guns. It is estimated that during the day, no less than nine thousand shells were fired at the battery.

THE BOMBARDMENT, AS VIEWED FROM THE CITY.

Was a grand, terrible sight. The horizon, from Fort Moultrie to Vinegar Hill, was crowned with the shifting masses of the smoke of the conflict. Each moment the enemy's shells, sometimes singly, sometimes in clusters, could be seen bursting just above the site of Battery Wagner; but between, at intervals, the clouds of white smoke lifted for a time from the scene, the flag of the brave garrison could be seen still waving defiantly in the breeze, while with grim regularity and deliberation our guns kept replying to the foe.

For seven consecutive hours the bombardment raged with more or less violence. About dusk the fire, which during the afternoon had been incessant (probably with the design of demoralizing our men and unfitting them for the expected night's work), began to slacken considerably, and at dark ceased almost entirely. The results, thus far, had been of a character to give us good cause for encouragement and gratulation. The damage to our battery was insignificant and of a kind easily and speedily repairable. The bomb-proofs had afforded efficient protection to a large portion of the garrison and our casualties at seven o'clock P. M. were but four killed and fourteen wounded. Of the enemy's losses from our fire, if any, we have, of course, no trustworthy account. Fort Sumter, which bore a part in the action, and also the Cumming's Point batteries, were no longer deemed necessary by the enemy, and a quarter miles distant, it is believed, with good effect.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

At a few minutes before eight o'clock, our pickets gave notice that the enemy in heavy force was moving to the assault. The attack was not unexpected, and our men, though much jaded by the fatigues and exposure of the day, sprang to their places with zeal and alacrity. The enemy advanced in two columns of about three thousand men each, the whole under command of Brigadier General Strong. The column which attacked our right was composed partially of negro troops, who were put in the advance. On our left, the other column advanced with spirit, under a severe fire from the Dahlgren guns and columbiads from Fort Sumter. As the column advanced at the double quick the guns of Battery Wagner also opened.

When the enemy had reached a point about sixty yards distant our in antry, posted behind the parapet, poured a galling fire into the moving masses; the Yankees, nevertheless, in considerable force, succeeded in gaining the trench, and began to clamber up the sides of the battery. At this moment Lieut. Waties, of Blake's battery, who was in charge of two brass howitzers (belonging to a detachment of artillery under Capt. De Pass, of White's battalion) opened a raking fire which swept the trenches, playing terrific havoc in the ranks of the assailants. The howitzers had been assigned to this position, which they occupied so advantageously for us, at the instance of Col. Harris, of the engineers, all the horses belonging to the section having been put *hors du combat* during the day. Twice the enemy was driven back at this part of our works (the left), and the trench filled with the enemy's dead attests the severity of the conflict there.

On the right, the negro troops were met with a terrible cross fire of musketry. Here were posted, among other troops, the Charleston battalion, and these gallant men behaved in a manner worthy the fame their organization had so dearly won at Secession ville. The second assault was still more desperate than the first; but it was met and repelled in the same gallant style by the brave troops. Georgians, North Carolinians, and sons of our own city, who stood shoulder to shoulder in the fight.

In the centre of our lines a small body of the enemy succeeded in gaining a lodgment in a salient, the gun of which had been disabled. Here they maintained their position for more than an hour. Against but unsuccessful attempts was made to dislodge them, in which Captain Ryan fell, and it was not until a small force of Georgians had ascended the magazine and thus gained a position to command the salient that the audacious Yankees surrendered. At the time that this occurred the firing elsewhere had ceased, and the Georgians accomplished their purpose without firing a gun. The movement by which this was effected was undertaken at the suggestion of Col. Harris.

THE RELATIVE LOSSES.

The fight lasted from eight until eleven P. M., and was of a desperate character throughout. The enemy's losses were very heavy. His killed and wounded must have been at least 1,500. The number of his dead left on the field and buried by us yesterday exceeded 600. We captured over 400 prisoners, including a few of the negro troops.

Our own losses were comparatively light. It is estimated that our killed and wounded will not exceed 100. Among these, however, were some valuable officers, such as Lieut. Col. Simkins and Capt. Tatum, of the First South Carolina Infantry, and Capt. Ryan, of the Charleston Battalion, killed, and Major Ramsey, of the Charleston Battalion, severely wounded.

LATER ACCOUNTS.

The Charleston Mercury of Tuesday contains the following relative to the attack on Morris Island:

During the early portion of yesterday morning all was comparatively quiet on Morris Island. About 11 o'clock the land batteries opened on Fort Wagner, and the monitors and the Ironsides again approached and opened a severe fire. This continued until 2 o'clock, when the bombardment became furious, the reports being heard in quite a rapid succession as on Saturday. The furious cannonade lasted for about an hour and a half, Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner replying slowly. Also fire was opened from a new battery on James Island. Fort Sumter got the range of the Ironsides, and a little before 4 o'clock she withdrew. The monitors also hauled off, and for the remainder of the evening the firing was at long and irregular intervals, coming chiefly from the enemy's land batteries. Some shots were fired at Fort Johnson and at the Shell Point battery. The casualties in Battery Wagner yesterday were four killed and eleven wounded.

A mortar fire was kept up on Battery Wagner every few minutes during the night from the battery near Graham's house.

On Sunday morning the enemy sent in a flag of truce to ask permission to bury their dead, whose bodies lay thickly strewn in the trench and elsewhere in front of our works. As it was supposed that the chief object of this request on the part of the Yankee commander was to gain an opportunity to reconnoitre our position the proposition was declined, and the duty of burying the dead devolved upon our own men, and on Sunday no firing occurred.

The number of bodies buried previous to the renewal of the cannonade yesterday was eight hundred—six hundred by our men, and some two hundred and odd beyond our lines by the enemy. The negro troops still unburied, and the wounded who have since died, the enemy's loss in killed alone must have been nearly or quite one thousand. The number of prisoners taken by our troops (including wounded) was two hundred and seventy-six. Judging from these figures, and remembering the well known habit which the Yankees have of carrying off their wounded, it seems quite reasonable to believe that their total loss in killed, wounded and prisoners could not have been less than two thousand.

CAPTURE OF A U. S. NAVY SURGEON.

Dr. Locke, a United States navy surgeon on board one of the Monitors, was arrested Sunday morning, on Morris Island, inside our lines. Dr. Locke had no surgical instruments, not even a lancet about him, when captured; but he states that he came ashore to assist the land surgeons in their operations, who were well supplied. He was brought to this city Sunday night, and was seen waiting our streets without hindrance yesterday.

FATAL MISTAKE.

The Courier, alluding to the assault of Saturday night, chronicles the following fatal mistake:—Major Ramsay had placed himself at the head of the Sumter Guard, and was in the act of advancing on the enemy, when, it is reported, they were met by a volley from one of the North Carolina regiments, who, in the darkness, had mistaken them for the enemy. It was in this manner that Major Ramsay was shot, and nearly all the casualties in Capt. Hopkins' company occurred. It was an accident liable to take place in any night attack, and the North Carolina regiment ought not to be unjustly censured for their unlucky display of vigilance.

The Surrender of Port Hudson to Gen. Banks

A FULL LIST OF THE TROPHIES.

Scenes Within the Fort—How the Rebels Behaved.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Port Hudson, gives the following account of the surrender of that place:

THE SURRENDER.

At the earliest dawn of the—now ever memorable—9th July, the whole camp was necessarily in the highest state of glee and commotion, and the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" came borne upon the morning air—never sounding sweeter. At 7 o'clock, General Andrews, Chief of the Staff of General Banks, made his grand entrance into the rebel fortifications, with Col. Birge leading his brave storming column, whose noble services thus have happily for their friends, been dispensed with; but to whom the country is no less indebted—taking the will for the deed. These were followed by two picked regiments from each division, with Holcomb's and Rawle's battery of light artillery, and the gunners of the naval battery.

The rebels were drawn up in line, and an immense line they made their officers in front of them on one side of the road, their backs to the river. Gen. Gardner then advanced toward Gen. Andrews, and, in a few accompanying words, offered to surrender his sword with Port Hudson, but Gen. Andrews told him that, in appreciation of his bravery, however misdirected, he was at liberty to retain his sword.

Our men were then drawn up in two lines on the other side of the road, opposite to the rebels, and our officers placed themselves in front of their men. Gen. Gardner then said to Gen. Andrews: "General—I will now formally surrender my command to you, and for that purpose will give the orders to ground arms." The order was given and the arms were grounded.

After that Gen. Andrews sent for the enemy's general officers, staff and field officers. The line officers were left with their companies and guard, composed of the Twenty-second Louisiana and Seventy-fifth New York, placed over them. These formalities over, the glorious old flag of the Union was unfolded to the breeze from one of the highest bluffs facing the river, by the members of Everingham's battery thundered forth its sainte, which rolled majestically up and down the broad surface of the Mississippi—and Port Hudson was ours!

WHAT WE OBTAINED WITH IT

6000 prisoners, as stated by Gen. Gardner himself.

Serviceable.—3 42-pound barbette guns; 2 32 pound barbette guns; 1 32 pound barbette gun, rifled; 18-inch barbette gun; 2 10-inch barbette guns; 1 24 pound barbette gun; 4 24 pound barbette guns, rifled; 1 12-pound barbette gun.

Disabled.—1 24 pound barbette gun; 1 8 inch barbette gun; 1 32 pound barbette gun; 1 24-pound barbette gun; 1 30 pound barbette gun.

Recapitulation.—15 heavy guns, in good condition; 5 complete field batteries, 31 guns in good condition, besides disabled guns; 1911 shot and shell for heavy guns, various calibres; 775 cartridges; 18 000 pounds of powder, made up in cartridges, for heavy guns, various calibres; 32 000 pounds cannon powder; 150,000 cartridges, small arms; 5000 muskets.

SCENE WITHIN THE FORT.

It was with no little delight that I found myself riding over every portion of this long-forbidden ground, noting the havoc which our cannon made, not only in the ramparts, but over the whole internal surface. Not a square rood but bore some indisputable proof of the iron deluge that had fallen upon it, in earth plowed up, trees with the bark almost completely torn off by rifle shot, and some, twice the bulk of a man's body, fairly snapped in two by some solid ball, as easily as a walking-cane.

HOW THE REBELS FELT.

Many opportunities were naturally afforded for feeling the pulse of the rebels after two such overwhelming discomfitures. They seemed to bear it with great composure, whether real or feigned, I know not, but I think they were quite as glad to see us as we were to come in. Our men were to be seen everywhere mingling and exchanging notes freely with them. They were certainly a much finer looking set of officers than I expected to meet, in starving condition as they evidently were. They were getting to the last extremity for food. Indeed a friend of mine had the curiosity to lunch off a piece of their *mule's tongue*, and he said the only difference he found was that it was a little poor, compared with ox-tongue.

While standing on a cliff, calmly and pleasantly contemplating the fleet of busy steamers already sending up their well known odorous and smoke under our newly conquered territory and admiring the beauty of the Union flag as its graceful form waved sharp and clear against the blue sky, a rebel Captain, gaily dressed—(the officers were all arrayed as if for some grand parade)—came up to me and said, thoughtfully:

"It is a long time, sir, since we have seen so many vessels lying there."

"Yes, sir, and I am glad of it, for *your sake* as well as *ours*," I replied.

"How so?" he asked, in a somewhat surprised tone.

"Because," said I, "it looks to me very much like the beginning of the end, and that is what we all wish to see."

"The *end* is very far off yet," he continued, in a proud manner. "In the first place, I do not believe, even now, that Vicksburg is lost to us; and you never yet knew a rebellion of such magnitude to fail in achieving its object."

"Nor did you ever know a rebellion so causeless and unnatural to succeed," was my reply. "You Rebels were like Poles or Circassians, and we Russians, only trying to put your existing nationality—if this were a war of rival races—I could imagine it lasting through many, many years. But it is not so. Instead of trying to crush out your nationality, we are merely fighting to prevent you from crushing out our mutual liberties, and every acre, every liberty we save from destruction, is as much yours as ours. War for such a cause was never waged before, and therefore cannot last. When a few more decisive successes like the present shall have proved beyond all doubt to the Southern people that the cause of separation is utterly hopeless, I think we shall all be glad to meet again as citizens of a common country, greater for the very ordeal through which it has passed. The only difference will be that slavery, the cause of all this trouble, will have died during the progress of the war."

"We shall see," said the Captain, either unwilling or unable to maintain his position further. "I suppose that you will allow that we defended our position here well